SPIRITUAL HYMNS UPON SOLOMONS SONG: OR, Love in the right Channel.

Wherein that Divine Part of Scripture is Paraphras'd, and the dark Places expounded; and may be vocally Sung in the Ordinary Tunes of the Singing *Psalms*.

By JOHN REEVE.

I will sing to my welbeloved, a song of my beloved, touching his Vineyard, Isa 5. 1.
Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your hearts unto the Lord, Col. 3. 16.
And they sung the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb, Rev. 15. 3.

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BODLEIAN
P
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To the chaſt and pure Virgin-Souls, that love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in Sincerity, Grace and Peace be multiplied.

I

THeſe Hymns *were moſt compoſed in the (dark,*
When reſtleſs hours interrupted ſleep:
With a deſign to ſtop that rambling work,
Ungovern'd fancy uſeth then to keep.
Better make Hymns then yield to Melancholy,
Or take the World to govern by a thoughtful folly.

II.

Hands off you venomous Creatures; you that (draw
The rankeſt Poyſon from the ſweeteſt flow'rs:
Yea, that by Rigor of a luſtful Law,
Would force Divine love to conform to yours.
I fear, if you ſhould light upon this Book; (look.
You'ld force it from it ſelf, and like a love-ſong

III.

But if you do, our Loves are ſtill Divine;
The ſtinking Dunghils can't put out the Sun:
While you ſing out your ſhame, we will incline
To ſing the Praiſe of Gods eternal Son. (Song,
We will in Pſalms and Hymns, and Spiritual
Outſing the Mirth obſcene, which unto you belongs.

Come

IV.

Come then you Virgin-Spouſes of the Lamb;
Joyn conſort with the Holy Ones above:
Put off the Clog, your Body, if you can,
And melt your ſelves into a Maſs of Love.
Out with the dregs, and draw the Spirits higher,
Let Love be Love Divine, and not a luſtful Fire.

V.

I have liv'd out now, more then threeſcore years,
And never yet could find my heart in tune
For ſuch a Work as this; it plain appears,
Love's hard to be refined! O, how ſoon, (Grace
Returns the dregs and ſmut! the ſtrength of
And Ages weakneſs, both at work, take little place.

VI.

Nor had this been expos'd to publick view,
But that the Child was drawn by Cogent hand:
'Twas hard to truſt it, when there are ſo few
Chaſt Eyes, and pure Minds, abroad the land.
But let it take the Covert of the wings (ſings.
Of Him, whoſe work it is; of Him, whoſe praiſe it

CANT. I. 1.

The Song of Songs, which was Solomons.

HYMN 1.

'TWas *Solomon*'s Song, but now 'tis mine:
'Tis yours, you bleſſed Saints on high:
You Mil'tants come and make your claim;
All you that are athirſt, draw nigh.
This Song of Songs, and Hymns of praiſe;
Sweet Jeſus at thy feet we lay,
Together with our Hearts and Souls,
And for acceptance humbly pray.
King *Solomon* ſha'nt Praiſe thee alone,
Nor ſingly ſing his part in this:
We'l Praiſe thee too, becauſe that thou
Our Jeſus art, as well as his.
Strike up you bleſſed Angels, Tune
Your Muſick to the higheſt Key;
You ſeparated Souls in bliſs,
Sing forth his Praiſe (as well you may).
How precious is this Song of Songs,
Where Chriſt himſelf concerned is,
And ſings the Praiſes of his Church,
As they 're concern'd in ſinging His!

Come bleſſed Spirit of our God,
Enflame our hearts with heav'nly fire;
W'el ſing our parts: O! raiſe our hearts
And Tune them yet a great deal high'r.

CANT. I. 2.

Let him kiſs me with the kiſſes of his Mouth:

HYMN 2.

LEt thoſe inam'ring Lips of thine,
With Love-begetting Love;
Seal Kiſſes on theſe Lips of mine,
That I may taſt and prove,
What thoſe immenſe Treaſures of Love,
Thoſe Seas and Oceans be:
Let ſacred Love flow from above,
In *Nectar* ſtreams to me.
And let me kiſs thoſe Kiſſes, which
Can raiſe my Heart on high,
And love that Love, that can enrich
And crown my Poverty.
But will renowned Jeſus deign
To kiſs ſo vile a Sinner,
And be of undeſerved Love,
The Author and Beginner!
Can filthy Lips, and ſo unclean,
Expect a Prince his Kiſs!

Do Kings embrace a Love ſo mean!
Was ever Love like this!
He that could kiſs the bitter Croſs,
And kiſs the burning Wrath,
And kiſs the Breath of direful Death,
A Kiſs for Sinners hath!

CANT. I. 2.

——*For his Love is better than Wine*——

HYMN 3.

LOrd! I eſteem thy precious Love,
And prize it more than richeſt Wine,
There is no Cordial can remove
My fainting, like that Blood of thine.
Wine ſpills the man that drinks too much,
And greatly doth his Health impair;
But thoſe that drink the moſt of Love,
The temperateſt Perſons are.
The Wine is not the poor Mans Drink;
But here's a Cellar always free:
The Rich may come, and pooreſt Saint
May drink his fill, as well as He.
There was no Wine at *Cana*'s feaſt,
Was once complain'd by them above;
But ſuch a word ſhall ne're be ſaid,
At *Sion*'s Feaſt there is no Love.

My Soul! pierce thou this pipe of Love,
Fill all thy Flaggons to the Brim;
Divine exceſs is ſoberneſs,
And Holy Drunkenneſs no Sin.
The Wine that with us beſt agrees,
And curious Palats moſt approve,
Is not without unpleaſing Lees:
But oh! there is no dregs in Love.
Love's All that can be ſpoke or thought;
'Tis all Earth hath, or Heav'n above.
Epitomize a Deity,
The total ſum of all is LOVE.

——*For his Love is better than Wine.*

HYMN 4.

LOve me, my deareſt Jeſus, love me,
And ſhed that Love, and let me ſee
A Letter written full of Love,
And ſuperſcribed unto me.
O love my Soul, and love me more,
Altho I know no reaſon why:
Let me experience where that great
Magnetick power of Love doth lye.
Thy Love's a flood to quench the Flame
Of all my burning baſe Deſires:
Thy Love's a Flame to drink the flood
Of Vanity, my heart aſpires.

Thy Love's a Corr'ſive to my Sins;
Eats the proud Fleſh from carnal heart:
Thy Love's a Cordial to revive
The faintings of the better part.
Let Friends oppoſe, let En'mies rage;
Let Tyrants threaten Death appall:
Let Hell and Devils do their worſt,
I'le ſet thy Love againſt them all.
Love me, my deareſt Jeſus, love me,
And ſhed that Love, and let me ſee
A Letter written full of Love,
And ſuperſcribed unto me.

CANT. I. 3.

Becauſe of the ſavour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth: therefore do the virgins love thee.

HYMN 5.

HOw odoriferous are the ſents
Of thy Graces Divine,
Beyond all meaſure pou'rd forth,
Upon that Heart of thine!
No Garden flow'rs, no Spices, Lord;
No ſweet perfumes that pleaſe,
Not *Aaron*'s Oyl, nor *Mary*'s Box,
Smell half ſo ſweet as theſe.

Thoſe Virgins next about thy Throne,
Angels and Saints that ſmell,
Th' anointings of the holy One,
And 'midſt theſe Odours dwell;
Are always in Tranſports of Love,
Have nothing elſe to do:
Would I were there, that I with them
Might learn to Love thee too.
The Virgin-Souls, whom thou art tuning
As ſtrings to ſound thy Praiſe;
Whoſe hearts with holy Oyl perfuming,
With whom 'tis early days;
Initial converts new crept out
The Womb of Graces laws,
Commence their Love, and Face about:
O how thy Oyntments draws!
Pour ont the anointings, Lord, and we
Will wrap our ſelves in ſweet,
And dwell amidſt the rich perfumes,
There will we place our feet;
Tho it be coſtly, ſpare no coſt,
O ſpare, nor work, nor toyl;
Tho we have nothing elſe to give,
We'l give thee Love for Oyl.

CANT. I. 4.

Draw me, and we will run after thee——

HYMN 6.

With thy great Power draw me, Lord,
And I to thee will come.
With greater Power draw me, Lord,
And I to thee will run.
Draw me, and others I will draw,
And we to thee will run;
Except thou draw'ſt, our backward hearts
To thee they'l never come.
When Jeſus draws, he ſtrongly draws,
The fleſh can't hold me back;
Nor all the pleaſures of the World;
'Tis thee, 'tis thee I lack.
When Jeſus draws, he ſweetly draws,
As Beaſts by Fodder led;
As Lovers draw by Charms of Love,
As Unions raiſe the Dead.
The Loadſtone draws the ſteely Maſs,
And none can tell us how;
So draw my ſteely Heart, my God,
And make my Powers bow.
Yea, drawn I am, I bleſs thee for't,
My Soul ſhall praiſe thee ever:

O Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
My God, forſake me never.

CANT. I. 4.

—The King brought me into his Chambers —

HYMN 7.

WHen fervent Love, with winged haſt,
To bleſſed Jeſus flies:
With winged haſt he comes as faſt,
With help and choice ſupplies:
Let's not his Church ſtand at the door,
He ſends no Servant down;
But down the ſtairs he comes himſelf,
That King of great renown.
His Perſon is the thing She ſeeks,
His Perſon tends upon Her;
His Perſon is the thing She meets,
His Perſon is Her honour.
And up the Stairs he leads his Love;
Gives Her a Princely Treat;
With ſp'ritual *Nectar* chears Her heart,
And Entertainments great.
He feaſts Her with his Chamber-Love;
The beſt of all his ſtore:
She feeds upon his Fleſh and Blood;
Her heart can wiſh no more:

O Lord! thou art to me a dart:
My wounded bleeding heart,
Shall ſtill impart her Loveſick Art,
And never from thee ſtart.

CANT. I. 4.

—We will be glad and rejoyce in thee—

HYMN 8.

GO, empty Joys, with all you toys:
I have a better Joy than you:
The Wine, the Mirth, the Muſick-dance
Doth but my precious Soul undo.
The bleſſed Jeſus hath vouchſafe'd
Upon the Mount my Soul to raiſe:
Now I'le exalt his Name and Fame,
And to the Heavens raiſe his Praiſe.
Let things go how they will below,
Let Mountains duel with the Seas,
Let Hell her hotteſt Fires blow,
My heart in Him ſhall take her eaſe.
The merry Mirth which madneſs yields,
Which worldly Men ſo faſt devours;
Their pleaſures and their drinking-hours,
Cannot afford ſuch Mirth as ours.
They cannot taſt our Joys, O Lord;
Nor can thy Saints more reliſh theirs:

Our Joys will greater Joys afford:
And their's will end in bitter Tears:
Therefore will we rejoice in thee:
Our Joys ſhall feaſt upon thy ſtore:
When we are ſad, we will be glad,
And Praiſe thy Name for evermore.

CANT. I. 4.

——— *We will remember thy Love more than Wine*——

HYMN 9.

GIve place, ye Spirits of the Grape,
That briskly ſparkle in the Glaſs:
There's no ſuch Wine as Love Divine;
O, what a flavour Jeſus has!
Were we poſſeſt of *Eaſt* and *Weſt*,
And all the Joys of Heav'n above:
Treaſures of both the Worlds: we will,
Forgetting theſe, remember Love.
Forgetfulneſs the fruit of Wine,
But never was the fruit of Love;
The more I take, the more I make
Impreſſions deep, and paſt remove.
We cannot meet with Wine ſo ſweet,
Nor yet ſo pleaſant to the taſt,
As drops of warm and bleeding Love,
That trickle from his heart ſo faſt:

The

The Wine that from the Grape is preſt,
In time will into ſowr turn;
But Love Divine will ever ſhine,
With hotteſt Flames that always burn.
The Wine is drawn, the Veſſel's out,
You cannot make it ever run:
Whom Jeſus loves, he loves as freſh,
As if it were but now begun:
Thou God of our Salvation,
Draw forth our Loves more unto thee:
By loving us, teach us to Love,
And thy beloved Spouſe to be.

CANT. I. 4.

——*The upright love thee.*

HYMN 10.

THou art belov'd, and beſt approv'd,
Of all that are upright,
Whoſe hearts are ſound, ſincerely bound;
Thou art their chief delight:
Whoſe very heart and ſouly part,
Dwells with the Truth; and when
Mens hearts are truly true to thee,
As thou art true to them.
Tho Sinners ſcorn, and all forlorn,
In their ungodly ſight:

Wretches

Wretches they are, that would not care,
To Love thee, if they might.
The Hypocrite will ſpeak thee fair,
But hath no love within:
Kiſs, and betray, like *Judas* they;
O Lord, it is their Sin!
My Lord! I love thee truly, tho
I Love not as I ſhould:
I love thee, yet I love thee not;
At leaſt, not as I would:
I would I could; but ſince 'tis ſo,
Worms can but act as Worms;
Accept a real wiſh it were,
A ſpark till Fire burns.

CANT. I. 5.

I am black, but comely (O ye Daughts of Jeruſalem) as the tents of Kedar, and curtains of Solomon.

HYMN 11.

O What a ſorry thing am I,
That cannot bear this weight of Love!
I'm ſunk, and down, and dead, as if
Some dart had ſtruck me from above.
My Face is black becauſe of Sin;
But yet am comely by his Grace:

I'm

I'm black without, but fair within:
The ſcorching Sun hath tann'd my Face.
How black ſoever, Lord, I am;
Yet I am comely towards thee:
O mayſt thou love! and give me leave,
Thy ardent Lover yet to be.
Tho Sin and Sorrow makes me black,
Like *Kedar*'s Tents, that always lye
Expos'd to Wind and Air unkind,
And inward waſting Miſery.
Yet *Solomon*'s bed is not ſo fair,
Nor are his Curtains half ſo bright,
As I am, through his Grace, within,
Comely in my Beloveds ſight:
Ye Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
Do not contemn me at this rate,
Becauſe of my deformity,
And this my dark and gloomy ſtate.
For Love he can, altho I am,
Moſt undeſerving of his Love;
And black as Hell, as if I were,
As fair as is the Heav'n above.

CANT.

CANT. I. 6.

Look not upon me, becauſe I am black, for the Sun hath looked upon me.———

HYMN 12.

A Cloud may quickly overcaſt
The brighteſt Sunny-day;
And through the ſweeteſt Joys on Earth,
Our tears can break their way.
Ye Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
The Sun hath tann'd my Face.
Alas! the Morphew that obtrudes
It ſelf in Beauties place!
Look not upon me, turn your Eyes:
I am a loathſom ſight
To God and Angels, and my ſelf;
In me is no delight:
O how I loath my ſelf, my God,
To ſee this filthy ſight!
O how I long, tho thus unclean,
To love thee, if I might!
There is a ſacrificed Lamb,
Whoſe Blood can make me white.
There is a Sun can wake the day,
Out of this diſmal Night:

Then

Then ſhall my black be waſhed off;
  Then ſhall my Beauty ſhine;
Fair as the Morn; tho thus forlorn,
  Both in your Eyes and mine.

CANT. I. 6.

—My mothers children were angry with me—

HYMN 13.

MY Mothers (not my Fathers) Sons;
  Half Brethren, Lord to me;
That claim a Kind'red of thy Church,
  But not a-kin to Thee:
Sons of the Church create my woes,
  And cauſe me all this moan:
They'd have me ſee by their blind Eyes,
  And quite put out my own.
They have a way to faſt and pray,
  Thy word doth not allow:
And to their Modes of Worſhip falſe,
  They'd have my Conſcience bow.
The golden Image they ſet up,
  My Soul ſhall not adore.
The fi'ry Furnance of their Wrath;
  I'le bear, and help implore.
Awake, O Chriſt, and me aſſiſt,
  And keep my heart within,

True

True to thy Truth, thy Cauſe and thee,
That nothing make me ſin:
I'd better anger Men and Devils,
That's but a Creature wrath:
Than by ſubmitting to theſe evils,
Try what thine Anger hath.

CANT. I. 6.

——They made me keeper of the Vinyards.——

HYMN 14.

ARiſe, O Lord, ſome help afford;
To thee my Soul doth moan:
I cannot hold, I muſt unfold
My grief to thee alone.
They've gotten Vineyards here and there,
Exotick to thy Laws,
Which by their force they'l make me keep,
From which my Soul withdraws.
Their Figs are naught, their Grapes are ſour,
Their Vintage is not good:
Their Winepreſs is to preſs the Saints;
Their Liquor is their blood.
Head of the Church! I pray thee let
My heart be guided ſo,
That I may yet their anger get,
And make them more my foe.

They've

They've got a Vineyard ſtrange to thee,
No Scripture-rule muſt guide it;
And they'd have me their ſlave to be:
O Lord! I can't abide it.
Be thou a keeper, Lord, to me,
And I'le be none of theirs;
And fortifie my heart within,
From all beſieging fears:
So will I Praiſe, and Trophies raiſe,
For my Illuſtrious King;
And throw falſe Worſhip out of doors,
As an accurſed thing.

CANT. I. 6.

—But mine own Vineyard I have not kept —

HYMN 15.

ALas! when I with them comply,
My Soul doth ſuffer loſs:
My Vine doth languiſh, and my Trees
Are overgrown with Moſs.
My Graces they felt a decay,
My Plants began to dye;
My Conſcience bled, my Joys were fled;
O, what a Wretch was I!
Falſe Worſhip is a canker-Worm;
It Poyſons all the Fruit:

Un-

Unſcripture-Modes are Locuſts all;
My Vineyard yet doth rue 't:
Twas never well with me and mine,
Since thee and thine I ſlighted;
For fear of man, from thee I ran;
O how I am benighted!
Let thy Commands and Laws, O Chriſt,
My Vineyard be to me:
And next to them, O let my Soul,
My other Vineyard be:
And let it be my great imploy,
To keep my Vineyards clean:
So ſhall I reſt, and be poſſeſt
Of Joys no Eye hath ſeen.

CANT. I. 7.

Tell me (O thou whom my ſoul loveth) where thou feedeſt, and where thou cauſeſt thy flocks to reſt at noon: for why ſhould I be as one that turneth aſide by the flocks of thy companions?

HYMN 16.

O Thou Beloved of my Soul!
Tho haſt a People free
From all theſe mixtures, cleanſed pure:
O tell me where they be!

Thou

Thou haſt thy Inſtitutions,
And Ordinances pure;
Thou haſt thy Churches: Tell me when,
And where I may be ſure.
Thou haſt Encloſures rich and fat,
Peculiar to thy Sheep;
And dainty nour'ſhing Paſtures where
Thou doſt them always keep.
Thou in Communion fold'ſt them up,
In Winter keep'ſt them dry;
Thou giv'ſt them ſhades from heat of Sun:
O tell me where they lye!
For why ſhould I be led away
By Creatures, in pretence;
And ſtarve my ſoul, miſled by ſuch
As come I know not whence?
O tell me then, and bring me where,
In this my greateſt need,
Thy Paſtures and thy Paſtors are;
And I with them will feed.

CANT.

CANT. I. 8.

If thou know'ſt not (O thou faireſt among women) go thy ways forth by the footſteps of the flocks, and feed thy kids beſide the ſhepherds tents.

HYMN 17.

O Thou my faireſt one!
(Thus my beloved ſpake)
If thou would'ſt know what thou muſt do,
And with my Saints partake.
Go up to yonder Mount,
Thence look, and thou ſhalt ſpye,
Clear as the Sun, what muſt be done,
Preſented to thine Eye:
Seeſt thou them folded Flocks,
Whoſe heart the Spirit tyes:
Whom Goſpel order calls into
Diſtinct Societies?
Seeſt thou the Fields, where they
Enjoy their heavenly feed?
The Shepherds ſtand at my command,
To guide them at their need.
Their *Magna Charta* is
My Word; my Law their Guide:

O follow them that follow me,
Their foot ſhall never ſlide:
There go, and joyn thy ſelf;
Thy Soul there feed and feaſt;
Follow their ſteps to Paſtors Tents,
And there thy Soul ſhall reſt.

CANT. I. 9.

I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horſes in Pharoahs chariots.

HYMN 18.

MY Church! my Love! I'le now begin,
T' expreſs the Joy that I am in,
And ſing thy Praiſe as thou doſt mine,
And tell the World why I am thine.
I've made thee fair, there's no compare;
No worldly thing is ſuch to me:
King *Pharoah*'s Charet-Horſes were
A comely ſight, but not like thee.
When I behold their beauty, and
Coupled in order as they ſtand;
I more admire and Praiſe thoſe Unions,
My Churches have in their Communions.
Were *Pharoah*'s trappings boſs'd with Gold,
As if they would outſhine the Sun?

Much

Much more the polliſh of thy Grace
Shines; that my heart is overcome.
Did *Pharoah*'s Horſes prance along,
And gladly draw his Charets on?
Such Service from thee I have found,
As if thou didſt not feel the ground.
As *Pharoah*'s Charets did exceed;
The beſt in all the world they be:
Such is my Love, ſuch is my Dove,
The beſt in all the world to me.

CANT. I. 10.

Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

HYMN 19.

WHen Princes Daughters, in whoſe Veins
The Royal blood doth run:
Stand richly dreſt in all their beſt,
By art that can be done:
My Church! thy beauty far exceeds,
Thy Glory far excells:
My Love! thou 'rt fairer than them all;
In thee all beauty dwells.
When rows of Jewels beautifie
Their Face, and Cheeks adorn,

To

To make thee fair in Princes Eye,
And welcome as the Morn.
The Graces of my Church ſhine forth
More luſtr'ous, tho but ſmall:
Methinks I ſee my Glory ſhine
Upon their Faces all.
When chains of Gold, the Necks enrich,
Of mortal Beauties here:
It draws their Eyes, who are not wiſe,
And leads them to a ſnare:
But happy they that can be caught
With *Sions* Beauty ſo:
And fall in Love, as I have done
With Saints, and what they do.

CANT. I. 11.

We will make thee borders of gold, with ſtuds of ſilver.

HYMN 20.

WE, Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Will all in one conſpire;
To ſtud the Glory of thy Face,
And make thee All Deſire.
I'le to my Father for ſupplies,
And largely he'l diſpence:

I'le

I'le to the Holy Ghoſt alſo,
And fetch thee Riches thence.
Thou ſhalt partake of all my ſtores,
My Heart, my Blood, and Me;
If what's in Heaven, or Earth can do't,
We'l give it all to thee.
We'l with moſt glorious Ornaments,
Polliſh that heart of thine:
Borders of Gold, and Silver ſtuds,
Shall make thy Glory ſhine:
When all is done, 'tis all too ſmall
A Preſent for my Love:
I'le give my ſelf away alſo,
And thou ſhalt live above
All things but me; for I'le be Gold,
Jewels, and every thing,
And thou ſhalt live upon my ſtores,
And loud my Praiſes ſing.
And then will we rejoyce in thee,
When we have made thee thus:
Then ſin no more, (as did before)
Shall break 'twixt thee and us:
My Soul admire this fervent Fire:
Such Love no Tongue can tell: (bought
Who could have thought that Chriſt tha
Should Love his Church ſo well!

CANT. I. 12.

While the king ſitteth at his table, my ſpikenard ſends forth the ſmell thereof.

HYMN 21.

HOw rich and dainty is the fare,
My bleſſed Love, and Lover dear,
Provides for his beyond compare,
And feaſts them with his heavenly chear?
The Cloath is lay'd, the Table ſpread,
The Dainties are his Fleſh and Blood:
The welcome Gueſts are richly fed,
And He himſelf becomes their Food.
His Preſence graces all the Feaſt;
His ſmile make welcome every Gueſt:
He ſits at Table with them, where
His Saints are glad to meet Him there.
His preſence draws their Graces forth,
Faith, Love, Joy, Patience, and the reſt;
The ſmell whereof is better worth,
Than Spikenard Oyntments at the beſt.
Thus Gardens yield their ſweeteſt ſmells,
When Rain and Sun extract them forth.
Thus in his preſence man excels,
Who's in his abſence little worth.

My Soul! thy King at Table ſits;
Now let thy Spikenard-Graces lend
The ſweet perfumes; and pleaſant ſents
Into his Noſtrils largely ſend.

CANT. I. 13.

A bundle of myrrh is my welbeloved to me; he ſhall lye all night between my breaſts.

HYMN 22.

TEll me no more, you Sons of Art,
You Students in the Caſe,
What 'tis will eaſe a Sick mans heart,
And all his Grief diſplace:
Jeſus, when he doth pleaſe to be
Refreſhing from above;
How he tranſports me! O I feel,
My ſelf all Fire and Love.
The holy Oyl was made of Myrrh:
O Chriſt anoint me ſo:
Thy Body was embalm'd with Myrrh!
O Chriſt embalm me too!
And make me ſweet, that I may greet
A never dying Reſt,
And ſmell of thee, as if poſſeſt,
With Myrrh upon my breaſt!

Ther

There is a Night of darkneſs, when
This Myrrh is Cordial:
A Night of great Affliction, then
This Myrrh is all in all:
O let him lye between my breaſts,
And with his Love perfume me,
And yield his heart-reviving Art!
This Night will elſe conſume me.

CANT. I. 14.

My beloved is unto me as a cluſter of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.

HYMN 23.

O me! to me! what comfort wer't,
Or what refreſhment could I ſee,
If he were ſweet to all the World,
And were not alſo ſweet to me?
I'le ſing my well-beloved's Praiſe,
And ſpeak what he hath been to me:
Engedi's Aromatick Vines,
Have never been ſo ſweet as He.
Cluſters of Balſam Camphire were,
In thoſe ſame Vineyards paſt compare:
Yet none ſo ſweet, yet none ſo rare,
As my Beloved's Odors are.

How ſweet was Chriſt upon the Croſs,
Making Atonement for my Sin?
Or elſe my Life had been my loſs:
What a ſad caſe had I been in!
How ſweet was he within the Grave?
Himſelf, not ſpices made him ſo:
How ſweet a Bed ſhall I then have,
When ſleep with Jeſus I ſhall go!
Bleſt be the day that e're I ſmelt,
What ſweet in my Beloved was:
Bleſs be the day that ere I felt,
That ſweetneſs my Beloved has:
How ſweet art thou in Heaven, where
Angels and Saints perfumed are?
Amidſt that plenty grant there be,
One cluſter, Lord, lay'd up for me.

CANT. I. 15.

Thou art fair, my Love: behold, thou art fair, thou haſt doves eyes.

HYMN 24.

THou 'rt fair, my Love! Lord, how can I
be fair, thus foul with Sin!
Thou 'rt fair, my Love: Lord, tell me why:
What tranſport art thou in!

I

I ne're am fair, but when there are,
Reflections from thy Grace
Darted upon me, from thy fair
And moſt reſplendent Face.
Thou art my Love: Lord, can it be,
When I deſerve thy fury,
And highly merit, that thou me
Should'ſt in Oblivion bury!
Yet cauſe thy Love is like thy ſelf,
Too deep for humane Eye:
Thou lov'ſt, becauſe thou lov'ſt me, Lord,
I know no reaſon why:
Thou haſt Doves eyes ſo pure and chaſt:
Thoſe Eye-beams draw my heart:
In tears of godly ſorrow waſht:
They ſhine like Stars in dark:
Lord! Is't becauſe they ſhall be ſo,
When Glory makes them bright?
Or, is't becauſe they ſhine below,
With my Redeemers light?

CANT. I. 16.

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant.

HYMN 25.

NAy, thou art fair, my Love, not I:
Beauty keeps houſe in thee alone.
There is no Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars,
But thou art All and every One.
Away fond Pleaſures, fleeting Joys:
Would I had never lov'd you ſo:
You ſmiling, but beguiling Toys:
I've got a wound, and you my foe.
Come deareſt Lord! O let me taſte
Of Pleaſures that are more Divine:
For thoſe are gone, but theſe will laſt;
With theſe refreſh this heart of mine.
How pleaſant are thy ſmiles, when I
Under the guilt of Sin do lye!
When I damnation every hour
Expect, how pleaſant is thy pow'r!
How pleaſant are thy ways to me!
Thine Ordinances all are ſo:
To Eat and Drink, and Feaſt with thee,
There's no ſuch pleaſure I do know.

But

But O! when I ſhall come to dye,
And ſee thy Face in endleſs bliſs,
And ſhall embrace the Man himſelf:
There is no Pleaſure like to this.

CANT. I. 16.

——Our bed is green.

HYMN 26.

THou haſt prepar'd a Bed of love;
'Tis richly furniſh'd with the beſt:
Where thou and I eternally,
Shall in each others Boſom reſt:
Our Bed is always green; it knows
No Winter blaſts, nor no ſuch thing:
It's always budding, fruitful grows:
An ever, everlaſting Spring.
When vain delights tranſport the Rich,
And ſeem to court the Men of pleaſure:
They'r wither'd ſoon, and quickly gone,
And fall full ſhort in weight and meaſure.
Give me thoſe ſpiritual Joys, O Chriſt!
Whoſe colour green, will ever laſt:
And think on me, while here I be,
And ſend me now and then a taſt.
My Soul revive! comfort thy heart,
'Mid'ſt all the troubles thou had ſeen:

Revive! for tho the Stairs be dark,
The Chamber's light, our Bed is Green.
All Glory give to God above,
And to our Jeſus, God and Man:
And to the Holy Ghoſt alſo,
With all the Strength and Praiſe we can.

CANT. I. 17.

The beams of our houſe are cedar, and our rafters of fir.

HYMN 27.

COme let us ſing the Praiſe
Of our eternal Houſe:
Whoſe firm foundation is in Grace,
Free Grace hath fram'd it thus:
In Glory finiſhed,
Topſtone in Glory lai'd,
Raſters and Beams: eternal ſtreams
Of Love and Light diſplay'd:
Come let us enter, Grace,
And here together dwell;
Till I provide a better place,
Let's reſt us here a while.
But, oh, that houſe above,
When thither we ſhall come;

It's built so sure, it shall endure
An everlasting home.
Wilt thou accept, O Christ!
Of such a one as I?
Poor I! to take a Lease of thee,
For all Eternity?
Wilt thou accept, said he,
Of such a one as I,
That must thy sinful will controul?
Come then, we both comply.

Finis Cap. 1. *Deo laus.*

CANT. II. 1.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lilie of the vallies.

HYMN 28.

SHaron, the Garden of the World,
The Pride of *Palestine*;
Whose natural soyl more glory bore,
Then *Sol'mon* could resign.

Could ne're produce ſo ſweet a Roſe,
As I will be to thee:
So fair a Lilly never grew:
Sharon muſt ſtoop to me.
My Church, I praiſe my ſelf; not Pride,
But hope of Cuſtome makes me:
Who'l have a Roſe? a Lilly, who?
VVhere is the Soul that takes me?
Upon the Croſs I was diſtill'd:
Come taſte in diſtillation
The ſweetneſs of the abſent Roſe,
By Faith and Acceptation.
Thou art my Roſe, my Souls repoſe;
O let me never be,
My deareſt Lord, a Thorn to thee,
That art a Roſe to me.
Thou art the Lilly of the Vale,
A matchleſs Purity.
Let me be gather'd by thy Hand,
And in thy Boſome lye.

CANT. II. 2.

As the lilie among the thorns, ſo is my love a-among the daughters.

HYMN 29.

MY Church! my Love! thou art to me,
A pleaſant Lily, pure and white:
The Daughters all, compar'd to thee,
Are Thorns and Briars in my ſight.
'Tis thee I prize, and ſingly place
My heart upon thy ſelf alone:
Falſe Creatures, tho I have their face,
Are pricking Briars every one.
Take it not ill, my Love, from me,
That I have plac'd thy dwelling ſo,
Incompaſs'd round where En'mies be:
As mid'ſt the thorns the Lilies grow.
I'le make theſe thorns preſerve thee ſafe,
And keep thee from a worſer foe:
O, they ſhall ſave thee from the bite,
Of that devouring Beaſt below.
They ſhall fence out both Sin and Hell,
Let out Corruption, ſlay thy Pride:
So near thee they ſhould never dwell,
But for advantage on thy ſide.

Now

Now bleſſed Jeſus, grant me this,
That I may ſuch a Lily be,
And let theſe Thorns and Briars be
A Preſervation unto me.

CANT. II. 3.

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,
ſo is my beloved among the ſons ———

HYMN 30.

THou art to me an Apple-tree,
My God, for fruit and ſhade:
An Apple-tree thou art to me:
Thy fruit will never fade.
Trees of the Wood, are not ſo good,
Their Fruits are none, or ſowr:
An harbour they for Birds of prey,
That will the Fruit devour.
Better than all the Sons thou art,
Haſt been, and ever ſhall:
The Angels are the Sons of God,
But thou excell'ſt them all.
The Saints are Sons of great delight,
Adoption makes them ſo:
But Son of God, and Son of Light!
There's no ſuch Son below.

The

The firſt-born Son, is Mother's dear,
Her Life wrapt up in his:
But not a Son can come ſo near
My heart, as Jeſus is.
O! let this Apple-tree, my Lord,
Within my Orchard be:
Propriety makes all things ſweet,
Or elſe no ſweet to me.

CANT. II. 3.

—I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight—

HYMN 31.

Like as the ſhadow from the heat,
Protects and cools the panting Neet:
So doth my Soul to covert fly;
Under thy wings, O Chriſt, to lye.
Should'ſt thou let fall thy brighteſt Rays,
It would conſume my Life and Days:
I cannot ſee thy Glory yet;
Thy ſhadow will me better fit.
How glorious are thy Saints above,
That ſee thy Face in pureſt love!
When ſuch delights thy ſhadow can,
Contribute to me, ſinful man?
My Soul! when he is ſhadow'd forth,
In Sacramental ſhades to thee;

'Tis

'Tis but the Picture of his worth;
But what he is, thou doſt not ſee.
O, then ſit under theſe ſweet ſhades,
And often guide thy footſteps thither:
Till we aſcend to brighter glades;
In ſhadows lets ſit down together.
Be quiet, thoughts, thou irkſom Fleſh;
Would thou wert crucifi'd to me!
To ſee no ſights, taſt no delights,
Nor know no earthly thing but thee.

CANT. II. 3.

——*And his fruit was ſweet unto my taſ*

HYMN 32.

THE bitter tree, the Croſs,
Bore him that bore the fruit;
The choiceſt Fruit that ever was,
His Father call'd him to't.
There Pardon grew, and Peace
With God, with Man, within:
A Fruit that did tranſcend by far
The curſed fruit of Sin.
Sweet pleaſure is but pain;
Swert profits are deceit:
The beſt of all the World, at beſt,
Is but a ſubtil cheat.

He, he's the fruitful tree,
His fruits all pleaſant be.
No Joys or Toys that ere I found,
Are half ſo ſweet as he.
Here I may fill my heart:
O, let me have a taſte:
My Chriſt, my Fruit, thou only art,
As long as Life ſhall laſt.
As thou bear'ſt fruit for me,
Let me bear Fruit to thee:
Do thou incline this heart of mine,
That All-divine it be.

CANT. II. 4.

He brought me to the banqueting houſe———

HYMN 33.

WOnder of Mercy! now I ſee,
And have great cauſe to think upon,
VVhat Grace is, when it will be free,
And puts its Royal cloathing on.
I that deſerv'd to ſtand at Dore,
And take my Anſwer on my Knee;
Into the Houſe of all his Store,
Himſelf vouchſafes to carry me.
O, the rich welcome that he gave;
My thirſty Soul at firſt approach!

He brought me Sweet-Meats out himſelf,
And ſet his choiceſt VVine abroach:
Into his houſe of VVine he brings me,
Leading me kindly, hand in hand,
And, ſmiling, bids me paſs the dores,
VVhere all his richeſt treaſures ſtand.
Himſelf the Houſe and Banquet is:
His Preſence with me, is a Feaſt:
His Smiles are Sweet-meats, all of his,
Is all in all, to every Gueſt.
My Soul get off this dunghil VVorld,
Strive to aſcend the bleſſed Mount:
No Treats but theſe, will ever pleaſe,
Or turn to any good account.

CANT. II. 4.

——*His banner over me was love.*

HYMN 34.

WHat Victories I ever got,
VVhat Luſts I've overcome:
To my own ſtrength aſcribe I not,
But to his Grace alone:
My Banner was his love to me,
All my ſucceſs was his:
His Standard call'd me forth, and he
My ſtrength and ſafety is.

Do but, O Chriſt, O do but ſay,
Thou lov'ſt me; that's enough:
Love is all VVeapons of array;
Love Armor is of proof:
Love me, my God, I need no more;
My God, I ask no more:
I periſh if thou lov'ſt me not,
The Battel is ſo ſore.
Here's Sin, the VVorld, the Devil and Death;
Combin'd to bring me low:
I'm almoſt beaten out of Breath,
(Some help!) they vex me ſo:
O, do but love me, and I ſhall
Banners of love diſplay,
VVill break their hearts, and rout them all,
And Victor get the day.

CANT. II. 5.

Stay me with flaggons: comfort me with apples: for I am ſick of love.

HYMN 35.

O What redundant love is this! (banks!
What flowing ſtreams break down the
More than enough, O Lord, it is;
Love me but leſs, I'le give thee thanks.

Here's

Here's love beyond all bounds and measure,
So free, so full, so large, so quick:
'Tis strange to see so vast a treasure.
Love made me well, and makes me sick.
But sick for more, and sick to see, (flow;
The Fountain whence these streams do
Yet sick for more, and sick to be
In place where this vast love doth grow.
Stay me with Flaggons of that Wine,
Was prest out of thy self, the Vine:
Thy Blood, O Christ, will stay the Fire,
That burns in me, sick with desire.
O, let the Apples of my love,
Cool Fires in my Love-sick heart:
Till I below, and thou above,
Shall meet at last, and never part.
Till I am sick, I am not well:
O that I had this sickness Lord,
Such Joy doth in love-sickness dwell,
Such as my health could ne're afford.

CANT

CANT. II. 6.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

HYMN 36.

MY aking head and heart,
Thou haſt a hand to ſtay;
Another hand that ſhall impart,
Embraces all the day.
In both thy hands, O Chriſt,
My ſafety is ſecured:
Within the foldings of thy arms,
My Soul is ſafe immured.
Caſtles and Towers are
No ſafeguard in my caſe;
Nor all the Oceans Oaken walls,
With me have any place:
Only his circling Arms,
As with a Wall of Fire;
Defends me from the dreadful harms,
Which Sin and Hell conſpire:
Beſides the help that's in't;
The Love that ſtreams this way,
Conveys more Spirits to my heart,
Than fear can take away.

It

It is, O let it be,
The great ſupport I find;
That when I faint for want of thee,
Thou have me in thy mind.

CANT. II. 7.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jeruſalem, by the roes and hinds of the field, that ye ſtir not up, nor awake my Love, until he pleaſe.

HYMN 37.

O Let him take his reſt, that hath
Travell'd ſo long, ſo far,
To reſcue Souls from burning wrath;
O, make it all your care,
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*;
You that pretend to love him.
O, give him no diſturbance then,
Nor to diſquiet move him.
I charge you by the Hinds and Roes;
Thoſe loving Creatures ſhall
Witneſs againſt you as your foes,
And on you Vengeance call.
If you more bruitiſh than the Beaſt,
That wont moleſt his Maſter,

Shall

Shall by your Sin disturb his rest,
And bring him to disaster.
O Christ, my Love! Give thou the charge,
The house and all is thine:
O, take the Keys and ~~the~~ walk at large,
Command whate're is mine.
I cannot bind them to the Peace,
A weak and private man:
Authority can make them cease,
Let Sin do what it can.

CANT. II. 8.

The voice of my beloved! behold he comes leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills.

HYMN 38.

'TIs my beloveds Voice, I'm sure,
'Tis not a Stranger's fallacy:
That breatheth in the Word so pure,
In which I learn that he is nigh:
Behold, I see him coming, tho
The Hills and Mountains of the Earth:
The great *Zanzumming* Tyrants do
Oppose his Actions in their birth.
Behold he comes, you Princes all,
That have oppos'd his Royal Will;

You

You muſt expect a dreadful fall,
That Vengeance ſhould your Boſomes fill.
Leaping and Skipping on the Hills,
Trampling upon your greateſt Pow'rs,
Dancing with pleaſurable skills;
He'l pull down all your lofty Tow'rs:
Behold he comes, you ſhall not hinder,
No difficulty ſtands before him,
But he'l be ſure to tread it under,
And ſhortly make your Crowns adore him.
Make haſte, my God, make no delay;
Thy waiting Spouſe hath long ſat up;
O, make thee Wings, and come away;
Give Antichriſt her bitter Cup.

CANT. II. 9.

My beloved is like a Roe, or young Hart—

HYMN 39.

O My beloved Lord!
To me thy grace afford:
The flames of thy ſweet love to me,
Kindle my love to thee.
Give me but leave to love thee,
That art ſo much above me:
Let me be bold to let thee know,
To thee my ſelf I owe.

My

My God, my heart is thine;
'Tis thine, it is not mine:
Let me but love, and call thee ſo;
It's all the bliſs I know.
Thou art a pleaſant Roe,
Hunted to Death below;
Whoſe Fleſh and Blood for Sinners need,
Is Meat and Drink indeed.
Thou art a loving Hart,
Kill'd with a murd'ring dart:
A murd'ring dart that drew a flood,
Of dear and precious blood:
O, let that Blood me purge,
From Sins, Filth, Guilt, and Scourge,
And let that broken Fleſh me Feaſt,
Till I with thee ſhall reſt.

CANT. II. 9.

—He ſtandeth behind our wall, he looks forth out at the windows, he ſhews himſelf through the lattices.

HYMN 40.

HE ſhews himſelf in cloudy gleams,
Obſcure and Window-Viſions:
Glimpſes of Love, and twilight beams,
And dark Illuminations.

Why

Why doth my Love immure his Face,
And ſhrow'd himſelf behind our Wall?
The Lattices Eclipſe his Grace,
And Windows interrupt his call:
Is it becauſe the viſive Powers
Of Mortals can't endure his ſight;
Or to diſtinguiſh theſe dark hours,
From thoſe that ſhine in perfect light?
What ere it be, 'tis juſt that he
Should now and then withdraw his Face:
And 'tis rich Grace to let me ſee,
The leaſt glance in the darkeſt place.
Behind our Wall, is not ſo far,
That I ſhould think him wholly gone:
Theſe Lattices and Windows are
Helps to diſcern he'l come anon.
A clearer ſight, O, that I could
Obtain! a ſight that doth excel:
There is no fear that e're I ſhould
Admire too much, or Love too well.

CANT.

CANT. II. 10.

My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, Riſe up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

HYMN 41.

WHoſe is this rouſing Voice, I hear,
That breathes ſo ſweet an Air,
Through Walls and Lattices? ſo dear,
So raviſhing, ſo rare!
'Tis my Beloved's voice, I know,
That Courts my drouſie mind:
That bids me riſe from things below,
And leave my ſelf behind.
Ariſe, my Love, and come away,
Rouſe from thy Morning-ſleep:
Riſe up, my fair One, no delay;
Tho lock't in Slumbers deep.
My God, I come, I find no reſt,
No Bed of Eaſe, but thee:
The preſent World is at the beſt,
A Bed of Thorns to me.
My God, I come; but oh, how loath!
I've drunk a ſleeping Cup:
And O, the dulneſs! O the ſloath!
Dear Jeſus help me up:

Then will I come away, and leave
My Sins and Fears behind me:
Farwel vain Pleaſures, let me go,
And let my Jeſus find me.

CANT. II. 11.

For lo, the Winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone.

Ver. 12. *The time of ſinging of birds is come, the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land.*

Ver. 13. *The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the Vines with the tender grape give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away.*

HYMN 42.

REjoice ye people of the Lords,
There is a glorious day;
There is a day will break your Cords,
And fright your Fears away:
The Winter blaſt is almoſt paſt;
Farwel the Rain and Flood:
Now Antichriſt no more ſhall taſt
The ſweet of Martyrs blood.
There comes a Church-reviving Spring;
The Flow'rs adorn the Earth:

The Turtles with the Birds do ſing;
All hearts are full of Mirth.
A time when every Tree ſhall yield,
A pleaſant Fruit to God:
And all the Creatures of the Field,
Shall feel no more his Rod.
Riſe then, my Love, and come away,
Stand ready for the time:
Prepare thee, for this long'd for day,
And let it find thee mine.
Awake! behold, I'm at the door,
Let me not find thee ſleeping:
My Spirit is up, I'le quickly put
An end to all thy weeping.

CANT. II. 14.

O my Dove! that art in the clefts of the rocks, in the ſecret places of the ſtairs: let me hear thy voice, for ſweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

HYMN 43.

MY mournful, chaſt and harmleſs Dove,
My Spouſe thou art, and thee I love:
I'le hide thee in the craggy Rock,
As if ſecur'd by Key and Lock.

The clefts and rendings of my Side,
Op'ned a paſſage to my Heart,
And there my Dove ſhall ſafe abide,
And thou and I will never part:
The Hawks, and other Fowl's of prey;
The Winter Storms of Perſecution,
Shall but intice my Dove away,
And cleave my Heart for her Admiſſion.
The ſecret places of the Stairs,
Where ſhe retreats to breathe her Pray'rs,
Are open to my view; my Dove,
I'le meet thee there, and ſhew my Love.
O, let me hear thy Voice, my Dear,
Tho broke and inarticulate:
Thy Nonſenſe I'le be glad to hear,
And prize the Pray'r which thou doſt hate.
O, let me ſee thee now and then,
That ſees thee always from my place.
Preſent thy ſelf once and agen;
It's joy to me to ſee thy Face.

CANT

CANT. II. 15.

Take us the Foxes, the little Foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.

HYMN 44.

TAke us the subtil Foxes, Lord,
They are too wise for us to take:
They spoil thy holy places, and
Intrenching there their Burrows make.
They bark and peil the fruitful Vines:
O tender thou the tender Grapes:
Surround them by thy wakeful pow'r,
Till it be said, not one escapes.
Let them be taken in their craft,
Thou in the Trenches dig their Graves:
Pluck off their Foxes skin, and drown
Their Carcases in wrathful Waves.
Let all the World see what they are,
Let them not cheat thy Churches more:
Entrap them in the traps they lay,
And lay their Sin at their own door.
Blessed Redeemer keep my Soul;
A weak and tender Grape am I,
A tender Grape that can't escape
A little Foxes subtilty.

Preſerve thy Church, and her defend;
From Lions teeth, and Foxes wiles:
So will we ſing to our great King, (ſmiles.
When thou ſhalt bleſs our Cheeks with

CANT. II. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feeds among the lilies.

HYMN 45.

O Bleſſed day, that I can ſay;
My Jeſus, thou art mine:
O bleſſed day, that I can ſay,
My Jeſus, I am thine!
My Chriſt is mine by deed of gift;
And that's a title good:
And I am his by purchaſe right,
He bought me with his Blood.
I'le have no other Love but he,
I like my choice ſo well:
He'l have no other Spouſe but me;
Together let us dwell:
He feeds among the Lilies white;
There he doth moſt frequent:
Amongſt his Saints, all his delight
Is plac'd to his content.

Their

Their Graces are his ſweet repaſt,
Their Pray'rs and Praiſes are
A Banquet to him, and their Faith
His moſt delicious Fare:
O let but me, and this Church be
A Field of Lilies, where
My Chriſt may feaſt, what likes him beſt,
Upon his ſent-in chear.

CANT. II. 17.

Until the day break, and the ſhadows flee away: turn my beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Bether.

HYMN 46.

WHy ſtays the lingring Day?
What ails the Morning light,
To lye a Bed ſo long, while I
Am longing for its ſight?
There is a Nuptial-day
Shall perfect all ere long:
When all the ſhades ſhall flee away,
And all the Saints ſhall throng
Into the Bridal room,
And coaleſce in one:

One Heart, one Spouſe, to Chriſt alone,
Made ſo by Union.
A bright and glorious day,
No clouds ſhall hide the Sun:
And univerſal Joy ſhall raiſe
The heart of every one.
The glorious Angels ſhall
Theſe Nuptials celebrate,
And gladly ſound their Trumpets round,
At a Triumphant rate.
Till then, protect me Lord,
And turn thy ſteps to me:
O haſten, haſten, all thou canſt;
Delays Diſtractions be.
O, be thou like the Roe,
With winged ſpeed make haſte,
Or as a Hart that runs apart,
On *Bethers* Mountains faſt.

Finis Cap. 2. *Triuni gratias.*

CANT. III. 1.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

HYMN 47.

MY God! I love thee with my Soul,
And yet I lye in Bed;
Tho thou art mine, and I am thine,
My heart is almost dead.
Such drowsie damps o'recast my Joys;
I seek thee half asleep:
And now I cannot hear thy Voice,
I only sigh and weep.
I seek thee, but I find thee not:
My Lord, where art thou gone?
Into what Covert art thou got,
And leav'st me here alone?
A sloathful Suitor I have been;
It prompts me to conclude:
My Christ won't humour drowsiness,
Nor mind dull Solitude.
Wake me, my God, with Voice and Rod:
O rouse my drousie Senses:
Let me not lye, and sleeping dye,
Or idly make pretences.

My Soul awake, and riſe, and ſhake
This dulneſs off: for why?
If thou will vainly live to ſleep,
Then muſt thou ſleeping dye.

CANT. III. 2.

I will ariſe now, and go about the city, in the ſtreets, and in the broad ways: I will ſeek him whom my ſoul loves: I ſought him, but I found him not.

HYMN 48.

IN vain do I divert my ſelf,
And think the World ſhall eaſe me:
And roul my ſelf in earthly Pelf,
And in its Pleaſures pleaſe me.
In the broad ways and City-ſtreets;
A Chriſt is rarely found:
A Soul diſtreſt, he ſeldom greets
Upon ſuch dirty ground.
Thou 'aſt left this wicked World long ſince:
O, Chriſt thou art not there:
O, let me get me out from hence,
And ſeek ſome other where.
Be gone, vain Pleaſures, empty Toys,
You pleaſe, yet vex me ſore:

You

You interrupt my ſpiritual Joys:
I'le never love you more.
I ſeek in vain, my Chriſt to gain,
He dwells in other places:
You'r all my hindrance, and my ſin,
I'le never ſee your Faces.
I thought I might enjoy his Light,
In midſt of worldly Pleaſure:
But I have found the World abound
With no ſuch bleſſed Treaſure.

CANT. III. 3.

The watchmen that go about the City, found me: to whom I ſaid, Saw ye not him whom my ſoul loveth?

HYMN 49.

YOu ſpiritual Watchmen at the Gate:
O you whoſe Office 'tis
To pity my diſtreſſed State,
And tell me where he is:
He whom my Soul loves; you know who,
I ſhall not need to name:
The Earth, the Seas, the Heav'ns and you,
Are filled with his Fame.
Tell me, O tell me, where he is,
If it be known to you:

He

He is my only Joy, and Bliſs,
My Life and Heaven too?
If I can't find him, I muſt dye,
What is this Life to me?
If he abſent, my Soul is ſpent:
O, tell me where is he:
He that my Sin hath griev'd away,
Whoſe abſence now I moan,
That ſhed his Blood for my Souls good:
O, whither is he gone?
What! can't you anſwer? are you ſuch
Watchmen that cannot ſee?
Or want you pow'r in this dark hour,
To bring my Lord to me?

CANT. III. 4.

It was but a little that I paſſed from them, but I found him whom my ſoul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mothers houſe, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

HYMN 50.

MY Soul, if thou a Chriſt would'ſt find,
In a diſtreſſed gloomy day;
Unto the Shepherds bend thy mind,
And they'l inſtruct thee in the way.

No

No sooner parted from them, when
I found my Joy, my Souls delight:
My heart did dance within me then,
And I was ravish'd with his sight.
I found my Jesus; let me come,
And him imbrace with both these arms:
That like the rising of the Sun,
Did rid my Soul of Midnight harms.
My Soul! now hold him fast, and don't
Disturb his quiet any more;
Thy life and happiness lyes upon't:
A fresh departure will be sore:
I'le bring him to my Mothers House,
There's Souls to save, as well as mine:
I'le Feast him there, with all that's rare,
And give him most delicious Wine.
The Wine that makes his heart full glad,
Is when he tastes the Loves of those
That once were Rebels, or as bad,
That are his Friends, and were his Foes.

CANT.

CANT. III. 5.

I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jeruſalem, by the Roes, and by the hinds, that ye ſtir not up, nor awake my beloved, till he pleaſe.

HYMN 51.

WHat pity 'tis that ſuch a Gueſt,
Whoſe Eſſence is all Love:
Should be diſturbed in his reſt,
And forc'd to make remove.
You Members of his Churches all,
Would I could charm you ſo;
By Roes and Hinds, to ſtill the Winds,
And make no noiſe below.
He gave me reſt the other day,
When I was almoſt dead
With frights and fears, and drown'd in tears,
He lifted up my head.
I never met with Joy till then,
Nor never knew a day,
Nor ſaw a Sun till he was come,
To fright my Fears away.
Contentments! there are no ſuch things,
There is no Sunſhine-weather;
No happineſs, but that which brings
Chriſt and my Soul together.

'Tis

'Tis juſt that you and I requite
This bleſſed Peace he gave us,
And freely give him reſt for reſt,
As our dear Lord would have us.

CANT. III. 6.

Who is this that cometh out of the Wilderneſs like pillars of ſmoak, perfumed with myrrh and frankincenſe, with all powders of the merchant?

HYMN 52.

I Heard him ſpeak his Love to Saints,
That were out of deſertion creeping:
Arabian deſerts ſpicy fumes,
Ne're ſmelt ſo ſweet, as ſmoak of weeping.
Who's this! what glorious Perſon's this,
That takes this ſolitary path;
That fears no way, nor Beaſts of prey;
Of Deſert-frights, no terror hath?
But through all theſe dangers dares
To come to a deſpiſed Jeſus,
And warily ſcapes the Deſert-ſnares, (us:
And crys, There's nothing elſe will pleaſe
It is my Church; to me ſhe ſeems,
Like to ſome ſmoaky Pillar; which

Fir'd

Fir'd by the Holy Spirit means
To ſoar aloft an heav'nly pitch.
She's in my Noſtrils ſweet perfume;
The Merchant-Powders worthleſs be:
The Myrrh, the Frankincenſe may ſoon
Their Odors loſe, but never ſhe:
Her Gifts and Graces, Pray'rs and Tears,
Her Faith and Patience, Joy and Fears,
Her Up's and Down's, her Sigh and Groans,
Like bruiſed Myrrh, perfume the Air.
Come forward then with winged pace,
And leave this Wilderneſs behind:
The nearer me, the ſweeter place;
Be thou but loyal, I'le be kind.

CANT. III. 7.

Behold his bed, which is Solomons: threeſcore valiant men are about it, of the Valiants of Iſrael:

HYMN 53.

KIng *Solomon*'s Bed, that guarded was
With threeſcore Men of Might,
Whoſe Weapons breathed Fire to thoſe,
That wak'd him in the Night;
Types out the Royal Guards, that tend
His Throne and Diadem:

Number-

Numberleſs Angels guarding him,
That Guards himſelf and them:
My Jeſus! he is now at reſt,
At Gods right hand of Pow'r,
And of eternal Joy poſſeſt,
Secur'd as in a Tow'r.
No might nor ſpight ſhall ere affright;
The bloody ſweat is paſt:
No more the Tears ſhall trickle down,
That trickl'd down ſo faſt.
The flaming Cherubims of old,
That kept the Tree of Life:
Still keep the Chambers of the Lamb,
And his beloved Wife.
O thou that lov'ſt my Soul, command,
Send me but one of thoſe:
But one of theſe ſweet Angels, and
I'le never fear my foes.

CANT. III. 8.

They all hold ſwords, being expert in war, every man hath his ſword upon his thigh, becauſe of the fear of the night.

HYMN 54.

ANGELS expert in War,
Heav'ns great Artillery:

Gods

Gods Hosts unseen, Defenders are
Of my dear Love and Me.
'Tis not 'cause I deserve
To have a Life guard by me;
But 'cause he in a Bed of love
Will please to settle nigh me.
If Hosts against me rise,
And men of War shall scare me:
The Lord of Hosts will send his Hosts,
They in their arms shall bear me.
The Lord will Muster up,
And send them to the Courts
Of Tyrant Rulers, who shall down
With them, and all their Forts.
Believe it, there are Thrones,
And Nobles sit upon them:
Above the earthly greatest Ones,
And Judgments issue from them.
These, these shall do us right,
When we can nothing do;
With *Herod*'s of the World shall fight,
And overcome them too.

CANT.

CANT. III. 9.

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

Ver. 10. *He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.*

HYMN 55.

KIng *Solomon*'s Charet for his Bride,
Of Wood of *Lebanon* was made:
This Charet bottom was of Gold,
This Charet Silver pillars had.
Cover'd with Purple, pav'd with Love:
But O, how far surpast by him,
Who is All love from head to foot,
To draw all Love to him agen.
Jesus, King Jesus, for his Spouse,
For the Lambs Wife, his Bride, hath built
A far more glorious Chariot, which
With Love and Pow'r is double gilt:
Brac'd with the everlasting Arms,
Whose covering is eternial Glory,
Whose substance is a Love that warms,
Whose Wheels run to the Joy before ye.

Now

Now bleſſed be that boundleſs Love;
And bleſſed be that endleſs Power,
And bleſſed be that God above,
That made his Chariot like a Tower.
This Honour all his people have,
They go on foot, and yet they ride:
Thus rides the Princes, when advanc't
In ſtately Pomp, by Prince his ſide.

CANT. III. 11.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his eſpouſals, and in the day of the gladneſs of his heart.

HYMN 56.

O That, that bleſſed day were come,
When we might meet our *Solomon*,
Crown'd King of Saints, and Nations, and
Having the World at his command!
His Father hath already Crown'd him,
Giv'n him a Title to this thing: (him,
When ſhall his Mothers arms ſurround
And Crown him her eternal King?
'Twill be the gladneſs of his heart,
When he ſhall once eſpouſe that Spouſe:

When

When Kingdoms ſhall their Loves impart,
And all his Foes caught in a Nooſe:
Ariſe! deſcend thou Royal Prince,
Thy Coronation-day is come:
In Seat of thy Magnficence,
Thy Church would fain affix thy Crown.
Thy Mother, Siſter, Brother, wait,
And long to ſee that bleſſed day,
When Sin and Sorrow's out of date,
And crowned Jeſus bears the ſway.
O, when ſhall Jews and Gentles both,
Faſten thy Crown upon thy head!
Gentiles have done it, *Jews* hold off;
By both muſt this be managed.

Finis Cap. 3. *Deo gratias.*

CANT. IV. 1.

Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair ———

HYMN 57.

THat have made and form'd,
By curious Art and Skill:
The Beauties of the upper World,
According to my Will.

I that behold and ſee
Thoſe beauties all the day:
(Should Mortal eyes but ſteal a glance,
'Twould take their Lives away:)
Yet I ſay, thou art fair,
Thy Graces beauties are:
My Fathers face and mine doth ſhine
Upon that Face of thine. *saw.*
The trifling Beauties which
Fond Lovers idolize,
Are not ſo fair, nor half ſo rich
As thou art in my Eyes:
O how I love that Soul,
That's true to God and me!
My heart's inclin'd, my Love is blind,
Their faults I cannot ſee.
I'le ſhortly bow the Heav'ns:
O how I long to come!
I will ariſe, and rend the Skies,
And fetch my fair One home.

CANT.

CANT. IV. 1.

—Thou haſt doves eyes within thy locks —

HYMN 58.

NOw I'le conſider in its place,
And view my Blood-redeemed prize:
The ſparkling Diamonds of thy Face,
The Dove-like Beauty of thine Eyes.
Thou hadſt an Eye of Fleſh was wont
To ſend forth Beams of luſtful Fire,
That after Vanity did hunt,
And fill thy heart with baſe deſires.
A wandring tempting rouling Eye,
A Caſement ope't to let in Sin:
But now 'tis chaſte, with eyeſalve waſht,
And takes diviner Objects in:
But O, that intellectual Eye,
Whereby thou ſeeſt things unſeen;
Whoſe objects quite are out of ſight,
That eyes me through the darkeſt Screen!
That ſhines like Diamonds in the dark,
Or Stars that brighten blackeſt Night:
Knowledg and Faith ſuch Power hath,
To ſee by Dark as well as Light.
My Soul admire, and raiſe thee higher,
With both theſe Eyes behold that ſpark;

Whoſe

Whoſe Beams have giv'n thee light and
ſight,
That once were blind and in the dark.

CANT. IV. 2.

*—Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear
from mount Gilead.*

HYMN 59.

THe hair, the Beauty of the Face,
That taking Ornament;
That bluſheth nothing at diſgrace;
It's cut, it's ſhav'd, it's rent;
It open lies to all aſſaults,
And yet it feels it not:
The Razors ſhave, the Sizars cut
All wrongs are ſoon forgot.
My Church, I love thy Patience,
This I admire in thee,
Under all injuries content;
Thoſe that affront thee, win thee.
Like Goats on *Gileads* Mountains ſhorn,
Stript of their hairy Fleece:
Yet not a groan, all wrongs are born,
Their ſheering breaks no Peace.
This warms thy heart, as hair thy head:
How ornamental 'tis!

When

When Patience can impow'r a man
To conquer all he ſees:
With this ſweet frame, in love I am:
It's rare in my account:
To be forgot, and feel it not,
Is Patience paramount.

CANT. IV. 3.

Thy lips are like a thred of Scarlet, and thy ſpeech is comely ——

HYMN 60.

THy roſie Lips with Scarlet dye,
Gives beauty to thy Face:
Inflames with love th' Obſervers eye,
A thouſand beauties has:
Made red, not with thy Blood, but mine;
It's from my paſſion fed;
No natural Colour in this World,
Can yield ſo deep a red:
O, how I love theſe ruby Lips,
I love to hear them ſpeak;
Thy Pray'rs and Praiſes, *Nectar* ſips,
To me, tho faint and weak.
Thy Doctrines, Counſels, Cordials are,
To me and thoſe that hear them:

Thy ſharp reproofs are killing darts,
Yet health to thoſe that bear them.
My Soul admire, and much deſire,
Thy Soul's admiring Lover:
Be it thy Grace, thy words to place,
And tell thy Speeches over,
As men tell Gold, O, weigh thy Words,
Thy Speech exactly meaſure:
So ſhall thy King delight to ſing,
And praiſe this vocal Treaſure.

CANT. IV. 3.

—*Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.*

HYMN 61.

I Love thee, for thy Cheeks, my Spouſe,
A Virgin bluſh adorns them:
The modeſty that crowns thy Brows,
A holy ſhame informs them:
Have you not been where you have ſeen
The bluſhing Pomegranate,
All overſpread with roſie red,
As Nature did create?
Thy Temples ſhaded in thy Locks,
With roſie bluſhes ſpread,

Doth

Doth much expreſs thy baſhfulneſs:
True Vertue vails her head.
Thy guilt and ſhame, for what's to blame,
Thou canſt not face it out:
Thy fluſhings, bluſhings, fears and tears,
Are beauties out of doubt.
My Soul! this conſternation due,
Becomes the Virgin-bride
Of that ſame bleeding Lover, who
For thy Salvation dy'd.
O let me never, never trace,
The ſteps of Sinners bold:
Nor hide my Sin, but hide my Face,
As with a bluſh control'd.

CANT. IV. 4.

Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thouſand bucklers, all ſhields of mighty men.

HYMN 62.

YE eldeſt Sons of living day,
Peers of the Upper-Houſe;
And all you Commoners below,
Come and behold my Spouſe.
Thy ſtately Neck, like *Davids* Tower,
Built for an Armoury:

Unites thy Body to thy Head,
Never to part; and why,
A thouſand Shields the promiſe yields,
As many Swords thy Faith,
Tho Hell and Devils do their worſt,
Thy Soul Protection hath.
Thou ſhalt not truckle, no nor buckle
To inimical ſpight:
Strong in the Lord thou art, and in
The Power of his Might.
Thy Fire-breathing Cannons fly
In face of all thy Foes:
For thee a *Davids* Tower am I,
'Gainſt all that thee oppoſe:
If ſin or men infeſt thee, then
Thy Neck a Tower is;
Thy Soul, tho toſt, ſhall ne're be loſt
In ſuch a Tow'r as this.

CANT.

CANT. IV. 5.

Thy two breaſts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

HYMN 63.

THy Breaſts, the ſeat of Love,
And Natures Ornament,
With full-pent milky treaſures give
Thy off-ſpring nouriſhment.
Such milky ſtreams do flow,
To nouriſh all thy Seed,
As fruitful Roes that fat their twins,
And midſt the Lilies feed.
Thy Sons and Daughters are
Begat from Heav'n above:
A num'rous Off-ſpring will appear
In that great day of Love:
Thou haſt two Teſtaments,
Repleat with Milk Divine,
With theſe thou ſuckleſt all my Saints,
And mak'ſt their Faces ſhine.
I muſt admire the man
That ſprings from ſuch a Father,
That ſtrongly draws by Graces laws,
The breaſts of ſuch a Mother.

Then drink and thirſt again,
As Babes the Breaſts adore:
Till thou ſhalt come to thy bleſt home,
And drink and thirſt no more.

CANT. IV. 6.

Until the day breaks, and the ſhadows flee away, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincenſe.

HYMN 64.

THere is a bleſſed day will break
A glorious Light will ſhortly come,
Whoſe rays will make the ſhades betake,
As frightned, to their laſting home.
A day will drink up all the Rain,
And ſcatter all the Fogs away:
And fully rout the dreadful train
Of Clouds, that now Eclipſe the day.
No more ſhall Sin or Fears beſpatter
The glorious beauty of thy Face:
No more ſhall bloody Tyrants ſcatter
Their roaring Bulls in every place.
There is a day and door of hope;
(I mean, to haſten all I can)
That will ſurprize both *Turk* and *Pope*,
And the blood-thirſty wicked man.

Till

Till then, the mount of Myrrh above,
And Heaven's hill of Frankincenſe,
Muſt for a while obſcure my Love,
And Perſon, from the eye of ſence.
But do not fear! from that Aſcent,
As from a Mountain, I can ſee
(And did before) how all things went:
Till then, do thou confile in me.

CANT. IV. 7.

Thou art all fair, my Love, there is no ſpot in thee.

HYMN 65.

MY Love, thou art all fair,
In thee no ſpot appears:
I've waſht thee white, from what was black,
In precious blood and tears:
Thy parts are all inſpir'd,
All Graces in thee ſhine:
Each faculty my Love hath fir'd,
And charm'd that heart of thine.
Degrees are wanting ſtill;
'Tis yet thy Infant-ſtate:
But yet we can ſpell out a man,
In Limbs that are not great.

I'le poliſh thee, my Dove!
I'le off with every ſpot;
I'le drive the trade till it be ſaid,
What Graces haſt thou not!
Thy Sin and Guiltineſs,
My Royal Robe ſhall cover,
And my imputed Righteouſneſs,
Shall make thy God thy Lover:
My Soul! 'tis done for ever:
For ever praiſe his name;
His Blood was ſhed, thy Sins are dead,
Never to riſe again.

CANT. IV. 8.

Come with me from Lebanon (my Spouſe) with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

HYMN 66.

AND now my welbeloved Spouſe,
Since I have ſet thee free,
And clear'd thy ſtains, that none remains,
Now love thy ſelf and me.
Come, Royal Princeſs, come with me,
Thou ſhalt not come alone:

My

My presence shall thy Conduct be,
Only consent and come,
From *Lebanon*, that Mount of Pleasures,
And from *Amana* too:
These barren Mountains yield no treasure,
Arise and let us go
From *Lions* jaws, and *Leopards* paws,
And all the wicked rout:
From Traytors gins, and Spoylers dens;
Come, I will lead thee out.
There's nothing can degrade a man,
Like bruit-Society,
Or make him from his Essence come,
Like wicked company:
Resolved then, I'le leave these men,
Whom I did once adore:
At Jesus call, I'le leave them all,
And ne're come at them more.

CANT. IV. 9.

Thou haſt raviſhed my heart, my Siſter, my Spouſe; thou haſt raviſhed my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

HYMN 67.

MY Siſter, by the Father's ſide;
And Spouſe, by all conſent:
Siſter adopt, and Spouſe elect,
I'm full, and I muſt vent.
My raviſht heart hath felt a dart,
And I am all deſire:
I, who created Fire and Love,
With Love am ſet on Fire.
Something hath ſmote me from thine eye:
That eye of Faith, it is,
That ſingle wounding eye of Faith,
That makes me love thee thus.
That dares upon a naked word
Of Promiſe truſt me ſo:
That will ſecure it ſelf of Love,
Ev'n whether I will or no.
The chain is Love, that draws my Love;
Do thou but ſay, thou lov'ſt me:
It is a chain, I captive am,
And nothing e're removes me.

My

My Soul! fix this ſame Eye of Faith
Upon him ſtedfaſtly:
Faſten the link with ſodring Love,
He's thine eternally.

CANT. IV. 10.

How fair is my Love, my Siſter, my Spouſe! how much better is thy love than wine! and the ſmell of thine oyntments than all ſpices!

HYMN 68.

THou 'rt fair, my Love, thy Love is fair:
How fair I can't expreſs:
Better than Wine; but how much better,
I leave to thee to gueſs!
Love is heart-chearing wine; beſtow
A glaſs of Love upon me,
And I'le forget my Sorrows great,
The wrongs that have been done me.
I have no thirſt but for thy Love;
Love me, and ſtay my thirſt:
O do but try to love me; why?
Becauſe I lov'd thee firſt.
Let no perfume henceforth preſume,
To gratifie my wants;
No Spices ſweet, my Noſtrils greet;
There are no ſweet but Saints.

I love them with a pard'ning love,
Their follies I forgive.
I Love them with a laſting love,
That ſhall for ever live.
Amazement ſtops my verſe and me!
O Lord, that lov'ſt me thus;
O let me never, never be
Unkind, ungracious!

CANT. IV. 11.

Thy lips, O my ſpouſe, drop as the honey-comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue ——

HYMN 69.

THe gracious words thy lips adorn,
Like drops of Honey from the Comb:
'Tis *Canaan*'s Language newly born,
From a Divine inſpired Tongue.
Honey and Milk are not ſo ſweet,
As ſavoury Speeches dropping down,
That nouriſh whomſoe're they meet,
And from a ſpir'tual Fountain come.
When Lips drop ſighs, and Eyes drops tears
In penitential ſight of Sin: (Pray'rs,
When Speech drops Praiſes, and ſtrong
It ſhews a Honey-comb within.

When

When nour'ſhing, and ſoul-fatting words,
Lye breeding underneath the Tongue:
And when due ſeaſon birth affords,
This, this my Love inſpires my Song.
My Soul, learn this! Are gracious words
So ſweet to Chriſt thy deareſt friend:
Then don't impoſe upon his noſe,
The Carr'on ſtink that baſe words ſend.
Seaſon my Lips with Salt, my God,
And ſift my Language from its droſs:
For why ſhould I ſo fooliſhly,
With Speeches vain contract my loſs?

CANT. IV. 11.

—And the ſmell of thy garment is like the ſmell of Lebanon.

HYMN 70.

NAked, and in thy blood, before,
Unpolliſht, rude and rough:
I ſpread my Skirt, and threw quite o're,
A Garment large enough:
And now like bleſſed *Jacob*, in
The Prieſtly Robe, his Mother
Veſted him with, he paſſeth fair,
And go'th for elder Brother.

Even

Even thus imputed purple ſmells,
When on the Sinner thrown;
Like to a Field which God hath bleſt:
Tho borrow'd, 'tis thy own.
The fragrant ſmells of *Lebanon*,
The Mount of *Canaans* glory:
There never was ſuch ſweetneſs as
Theſe Garments ſhed before ye.
When once thou gett'ſt my Garment on,
Art with my Merits clothed:
My Father takes thee for his Son,
And for his beſt beloved.
My God! perfume my Soul, and veſt it,
And in thy Boſome lay it:
Upon thy tender Bowels reſt it;
'Tis done, if thou but ſay it.

CANT. IV. 12.

A garden incloſed is my Siſter, my Spouſe: a Spring ſhut up, a fountain ſealed.

HYMN 71.

MY Spouſe! I have encloſed,
And ſtrongly fenc'd thee in,
With rocky Walls, and ſcorching Fire;
Thou haſt my Garden been.

If

If men dare ſcale the Flames,
To their own loſs they venture:
I'le keep thee ſo on every ſide;
They'l knock, but ſhall not enter.
I'le plant thee with ſweet Flow'rs,
And every fruitful Tree:
And all about I'le make me Bow'rs,
And take my walks in thee.
I'le ſhut and ſeal thee up,
No dirty foot ſhall ſee
Thy heavenly Springs and Waterings,
Thou ſhalt my Fountain be.
O thou, the Spring of Springs,
Whoſe Fountains always run:
Fountain of Fountains, and all things,
From thee my Waters come.
O thou, the King of kings,
Plant thou thy Garden round:
Let every walk thy Praiſes talk,
In thee my fruit is found.

CANT.

CANT. IV. 13.

Thy plants are an Orchard of Pomegranates with pleaſant fruits, Camphire with Spikenard.
Ver. 14. *Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus and Cynamon, with all trees of frankincenſe, Myrrh and Aloes, with all the chief ſpices.*

HYMN 72.

COme, now, my Siſter, let us go,
And how ſee the young of Sets do:
The Standarts muſt not ſtand, I have
A better uſe to put them to.
Theſe I'le tranſplant to Paradice,
With Glory I will fill their faces:
They muſt be gone, their work is done,
The young ones muſt ſupply their places.
The Lambs, the Babes, my Churches breed,
Are a more rav'ſhing ſight to me:
Than the Pomegranate full of ſeed,
Or all the *Arabian* ſpices be.
The Spikenard, Camphire, and the reſt
Of choiceſt *Aromatick* fumes,
Are worthleſs, when they do their beſt,
Let them be buried in their Tombs.
But O, the Joy I take to ſee
My pregnant Church her Children bear:

The

The young ones that convert to me!
My choiceſt Heaven on Earth is there.
Young ones awake, ſince I do take
Such pleaſure in your budding Graces:
Repent, Convert, or 'twill be Death
For you to let me ſee your faces.

CANT. IV. 15.

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and ſtreams from Lebanon.

HYMN 73.

IF I a Garden am, thou art,
O Chriſt, the living Spring:
If I have any ſprouting Plants,
The Water thou doſt bring.
No Water, then no Fruit, no growth,
No Spire can pierce the Clods:
The Fruit I bear, if it be rare,
It is not mine, but Gods.
My heart was dead the other day,
And then ſweet Mercy came,
And waſht it in a Spring of Blood;
It came to Life again.
My heart was hard, as I may ſay,
As hard as any Stones:

I drench it in the living Spring,
And it to softness comes.
My heart was cold, as cold as Ice;
Some heat it did require:
I found the living Waters had
In them a living Fire.
Now let thy dying, living blood,
Stream as from *Lebanon:*
Water my wants, and wash my Plants,
Or we are all undone.

CANT. IV. 16.

Awake, O North-wind, and come thou South, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out———

HYMN 74.

I Must have Air and Wind,
As well as Water, Lord:
Or else my Garden, that is I,
No fruit can ere afford:
Arise *North*-wind and *South*,
Rough and serene, both best,
And do thou time their gates and thine:
In both Ish all be blest.
There's not one Plant will thrive,
Or Flower hold its scent,

Un-

Unleſs thy Spirit, Lord, contrive
To breathe their Nutriment.
How will the Spices flow?
How will my Graces flouriſh,
If thy ſweet Spirit pleaſe to blow,
And drooping Flowers cheriſh!
For loves-ſake let me beg;
O Holy Ghoſt, thy Grace,
Thy Breathings, Giftings, Fillings, Seals;
Let each work take its place.
If my Beloved come,
As he a coming is:
Not finding me and Fruit at home,
He'l ſay my heart's not his.

CANT. IV. 16.

—Let my my beloved come into his Garden, and eat his pleaſant fruit.

HYMN 75.

MY Garden is thy Garden, Lord,
Therefore do thou the Winds awake:
Let ſharp and cold *North*-winds accord,
With gentle *South*, and their turns take.
Sometimes I need a nipping Froſt:
(Lord, not too ſharp, leſt all be loſt:)

To

To croſs my ſin, let me be croſt;
But Winds ſerene advantage moſt.
Let *North* awake and ſtop; but let
The *South* awake, and come and blow:
Too much the *North* will nip the fruits;
But O, the *South* will make them grow.
O Spirit of Love, and harmleſs Dove,
Do thou take wings and fly to me:
Or elſe give wings to climbing Love,
And quickly I will up to thee.
My Lord, here's little fruit for thee,
Tho my Souls Garden do its beſt:
But if thou com'ſt, there's Fruit for me;
Tho I have none, I ſhall be bleſt.
Thus poor Folks entertain the King,
And Landlords ſit at Tenants table;
They have no more, but what they bring,
Thou ſhould have more, if I were able.

Finis Cap. 4. *Laus Jehovæ.*

CANT. V. 1.

I am come into my garden, my Sister, my Spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice: I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey: I have drunk my wine with my milk —

HYMN 76.

WEll! I am come, my Spouse,
Thy Pray'rs have given me wings:
I have accepted all thy vows,
And tasted all thy things.
In thee I find my myrrh,
My honey-Combs I eat:
Thy Milk and Wine is all Divine,
Thy Spices all are sweet.
Thy Plants that I have set,
Are in a thriving plight:
Thy heart a flour'shing Orchard is,
A Garden of delight:
O, how I joy to see
My cost not lost upon thee:
There grows sweet Fruit on every Tree:
The younger Plants have won me.
Thy Fruits of holiness,
Are *Aromatick* Spices:

Thy

Thy Garden, and thy ſelf no leſs,
To me a Paradiſe is.
My God, how is it thus!
Can man relieve his Maker!
No; but the grafted Cion is
Of the Stocks life partaker.

CANT. V. 1.

—*Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!*

HYMN 77.

COme now, all you that are my Friends,
My Church hath made a feaſt:
Come fill your Souls with *Nectar* bowls,
I call you with the reſt.
I'de have you all partake of theſe
Her inexhauſted pleaſures:
Come eat and drink her Pray'rs, and ſink
Your ſelves into her treaſures.
Her Lips ſhall feed you, and her Graces
Their bounty ſhall expreſs:
If Angels come, they ſhall have ſome,
And Joy to every Gueſt.
Come then, you drooping Spirits, come;
Here is a worthy prize:

And

And if you pleaſe to drink up Seas;
I'le give her freſh ſupplies.
Lord of all ſtore, I thee implore;
Since what is thine, is mine;
And what is mine, is thine; This boon
To grant do thou incline,
That thou wouldſt fill me with thy ſelf,
And ſtretch my Soul to hold thee:
And I ſhall feaſt me and the reſt,
With what thy Love hath told me.

CANT. V. 2.

I ſleep, but my heart waketh ——

HYMN 78.

I Am a contradiction, Lord,
I wake, yet am aſleep:
I am aſleep, and yet I wake;
I both, and neither keep.
Thus after greateſt beams of Love,
My heart grows cold again:
As after greateſt gleams of Light,
The Heavens grow big with rain.
When firſt I taſted rav'ſhing ſweet
From thy divineſt Love,
I thought I never more ſhould meet
With darkneſs from above.

But

But now I am all Ice and Cold,
My Zeal I cannot keep,
As if I'de over-drunk my ſelf;
I'm fallen faſt a ſleep.
But yet my hearts awake; I would
Do better if I could
The Spirit is willing, Fleſh is weak;
O, make me what I ſhould.
I would not rock my ſelf aſleep:
If ſlumber overtake me,
Rouſe up my drowſie Sences, Lord,
And by thy Power wake me.

CANT. V. 2.

—It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, ſaying, Open unto me, my ſiſter, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

HYMN 79.

LOve will not ſuffer drowſineſs,
But kindly wakes his ſleepy Spouſe:
Thus Parents wake their children whoſe
Dull inclinations cannot rowze.
Awakening Love a Voyage took,
In all the Rain, and in the Deep;

To

To view the World, and found that part,
That's call'd Awak'ned, fast asleep.
Awak'ning Love the danger saw,
How sleepy Saints unuseful were;
How prone the Devil was to Rob
And spoil them of their precious ware.
How little love to Christ there was;
As men asleep they mind him not:
How soon their Temples by a Nail
Might pierced be with deadly stroke.
Awak'ning Love that saw things thus,
Rouseth them first, with midnight cries:
Cries Fire, Fire, O! the Fire of Hell
Flames out! awake, why don't you rise?
That not prevailing, turns his voice
Into a Lovers earnest cry,
That knocks and bounceth at the door,
Cold, wet; Awake my Love, 'tis I.

CANT. V. 2.

It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my Sister, my Love, my Dove, my undefiled One, &c.

HYMN 80.

OPen thy heart, my Love,
And let thy Jesus in:
And why not ope thy heart to me,
As well as unto Sin!
Why not for me as well
As for forbidden pleasure!
Shall I stand waiting at the door,
That am thy God and Treasure:
Shall I, thy Lover, take
This pains to make thee mine;
And shall a base and fordid Lust,
Ensnare that heart of thine?
It breaks my heart to see
My Love in Bed with Sin;
Whilest I the Husband am shut out,
And may not enter in.
My Jealous Heart and Eye
Would prompt my Hand to take
A Javelin up, and strike thee dead;
But that my Bowels ake,

And yearn with Love and Pity:
Riſe then and let me in,
And I'le forgive thee all that's paſt,
And love thee well agen.

CANT. V. 2.

It is the voice of my beloved that knocheth—

HYMN 81.

HArk! drowſie Soul! whoſe Voice is that?
Whoſe hand that knocks at door,
That pleads his entrance with ſuch charms,
I never heard before?
'Tis my beloved's: O that Love!
Now in my lapſed ſtate,
To call me Siſter, Love, and Dove,
And undefiled Mate!
That pleads his Journey, and his Locks
Wet with the drops of Night:
His head bedew'd with rain, he fain
Would enter if he might.
Lord, break the door, the Spirit ſaith,
The Fleſh wo'nt let me riſe:
Burſt all the Locks and Bolts, and come,
The Fleſh cries otherwiſe.
Come Jeſus, ſweet, and let us meet,
The better part ſaith, Come;

But Fleſh and Pleaſure cries, No, no,
No, no! there is no room.
My God, ſhall Fleſh prevail? 'twill be
If thou ſtand'ſt neuter here,
As Candle by a ſnuff kept down,
That fain would upward ſoar.

CANT. V. 3.

I have put off my coat, how ſhall I put it on?
I have waſhed my feet, how ſhall I defile them?

HYMN 82.

CAn'ſt thou not riſe, my Love? I ran
To help when thou wert caſt.
My deareſt Lord, I cannot Can,
Fleſh chains me down ſo faſt.
Wilt thou not riſe, my Dove? I roſe
When dead, to make thee riſe:
My Lord, I cannot will; This Fleſh
So hard upon me lies.
'Tis night! 'tis dark! my coat is off,
How can I put it on?
My feet are waſht, and ſhould I riſe,
And make them foul anon?
Thus *Eve* her Figleaves ſtitcht together,
The Bidden made excuſes:

The mild and gentle Jeſus ſtands,
And puts up all abuſes.
I might have ſaid, Can it be Night,
When day is at the door?
Or dark, when he that is the Light,
Can darkneſs overpow'r?
I have put off my Coat; and can't
I put it on as ſoon?
Affronted thus, my Jeſus, cry'd,
Farwel my Love, I'm gone!

CANT. V. 4.

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.

HYMN 83.

AS men are wont, when taking leave,
To wave the hand to parting friend:
I ſaw him do't, my heart did heave,
And all my bowels did extend.
My Jeſus! I ſhall ne're forget
That dreadful black and ſad ſurprize:
I would have roſe with all my heart,
But at the preſent could not riſe.
My bowels ſounded, when I ſaw
His beck'ning hand a farwel give:

I thought I ſhould have dy'd to ſee
Him wave his hand, and take his leave.
As frighted men in dreams would ſpeak,
But have not power to ſpeak a word:
My heart aſſai'd, to pray him ſtay;
My moving bowels all concur'd.
I hal'd for breath, and would have cri'd,
Stay Lord, I come! but could not utter:
I plainly ſaw my loſs would be,
Like riches running down a Gutter.
My Soul, theſe damps and dreadful cramps,
Contract the Sinews of the beſt:
My God! appear, to me draw near,
When ſuch Temptations me infeſt.

CANT. V. 5.

I roſe up to open to my beloved, and my hands dropped with myrrh. and my fingers with ſweet ſmelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

HYMN 84.

I Roſe, I went, I op'd the door;
But I delay'd too long
My deareſt Lord was gone before,
Diſtated at this wrong.

Yet

Yet left a ſweet perfume behind;
The ſign he had been there:
No ſooner had I toucht the Lock,
My hands dropt down with myrrh:
He left me not, till I him left:
And never left me ſo:
But left a vertue ſtill behind,
To ſweeten all my wo.
Thus Lovers will abſent, but then
Tokens ſhall blow the Flames,
And keep the Fire of Love alive,
And quicken the remains.
My God! my heart's a ruſty Lock,
Oyl it with Grace Divine:
My heart is more, a chained door;
Burſt up this Heart of mine.
Lay thy perfuming hand upon it,
And drop thy ſweetneſs in:
'Twill fire my longings to thy ſelf;
'Twill out with Sloth and Sin.

CANT. V. 6.

I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake ———

HYMN 85.

JEsus withdraws! Thus when the Sun
Doth bid the World good-night;
It leaves it in a Dark and most
Uncomfortable plight.
That word, I'm gone! that killing word,
My heart did rend and tear:
I little thought his words were Swords;
Delays denials were.
I rose, but he was gone from thence,
And left me all alone:
I never thought, *I'le rise anon*,
Did Tantamount, *Be gone*:
If tears would fetch him back, I'de weep
A Sea to waft him over;
If pray'rs, I'de rend the Skies with cries,
But I'de regain my Lover:
Wo, and alas! my woful case;
Now am I left alone.
In Fears and Cares, and thousand Tears,
My Sorrows to bemoan.

All

All you that have a Soul to ſave,
Take warning by my fall:
Make no delays, give him no Nay's;
Riſe when you hear him call.

CANT. V. 6.

—I ſought him, but I could not find him: I called him, but he gave me no anſwer.

HYMN 86.

ALL you whoſe tender bowels yearn,
At full grown miſery:
Lament my caſe, my blubber'd face,
And pity, pity me.
I pray to him that heareth pray'rs;
But mine he will not hear.
He hath a bottle for all Tears,
But mine muſt not come there.
I ſought him that is found of All
That ſeek him heartily:
But, O my pain! I ſeek in vain;
My coming makes him fly.
He that once lov'd my Soul, is gone;
Whoſe love was ſweet as Wine.
I call him Love, he calls me Dog;
Was ever grief like mine!

My

My Soul, it was thy Sin, thy Sloth,
That drove thy Christ away:
He call'd, but fail'd; and 'tis but just,
Such slightings to repay.
There never was (except 'twere his)
A grief that bodes so ill:
My Soul! when he writes, *Seek no more*
Do thou read, *Seek me still.*

CANT. V. 7.

The watchmen that went about the City, found me; they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the Walls took away my vail from me.

HYMN 87.

THus when the Anchor's lost,
The Ship's expos'd to Waves,
With surly Winds and Billows toss't,
Like greedy open Graves.
As when the wounded Deer,
Bleeds with the Arrow shot:
The rest forsake and come not near,
And blood-hounds take their lot.
I gat me up, and went
Jerusalems Streets about;

With

With a moſt full and true intent,
To find my Jeſus out.
The Watchmen were unkind,
They ſmite me, wound and hale:
The Keepers of the City-Walls,
They took away my Vail.
And this by Watchmen too!
Church Officers they were,
That ſhould have led me unto Chriſt,
Wound me for coming there.
And Keepers of the Walls,
The Kingdoms Magiſtrates:
Treat me as bad, as if I had
Done Whoredom in their Gates.
O what a darkſome Night,
When thoſe that pray and fear,
Shall be purſu'd by Law and Spight,
As Thieves and Robbers are!

CANT.

CANT. V. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am ſick of love.

HYMN 88.

YE common People of the City,
From great Ones I Addreſs to you:
The Prieſts and Rulers have no pity;
They ſerve my Lord unkindly too.
If you, or any of you be
Engag'd in this deſign with me,
To ſeek a Jeſus, (you may find him;)
Not I that did ſo little mind him.
Then tell him, tell him, I am ſick
With Love, and longing for his Preſence.
Tell him, my Zeal is burning quick;
Tell him he is my All, my Eſſence.
If all the World were Gold, and mine,
I'd give it all for one ſweet ſmile:
Could Sufferings fetch him back, I'de bear
The very Pains of Hell a while.
My Life's a Death, unleſs my Lord,
Will ſhew himſelf again to me.
My Death were Life, would he accord
To lead me where I might him ſee.

Since

Since thou can'ſt hide thy ſelf from me,
Where I may ſeek and never find thee;
But I can't hide my ſelf from thee:
Sweet Jeſus ſeek me, till thou find me.

CANT. V. 9.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou faireſt among Women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou doſt ſo charge us?

HYMN 89.

FAireſt of Women, tell us, who
This thy Beloved is,
For whom thou makeſt this ado,
By ſuch a charge as this.
What is his Name? what is his Fame?
Pray let us underſtand?
We'l ſeek him too, if all be true,
And ſeek him out of hand.
There is beloved Health and Wealth,
There are beloved Pleaſures,
There are beloved Friends and Ends,
There are beloved Treaſures.
There a beloved Temple ſtands,
A lovely Structure 'tis:

There are beloved means of Grace;
Tell which of these it is:
O what is thy Beloved, that
Nothing but him can please thee!
And what are these complaints, ye Saints,
That none but he can ease ye?
Are you of men the only wise?
Must Wisdom dye with you?
Discover thy Beloved Prize,
And tell us what, and who.

CANT. V. 10.

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

HYMN 90.

THou bottomless Abyss of Love!
O help me now to set thee forth.
Give Inspirations from above,
And let me stammer out thy worth.
Look how well temper'd white and red,
Sets out the beauty of the Face!
In him all beauty sits enthron'd,
And all Perfections take their place.
White as the Light; and God is Light;
This Tincture speaks him perfect God:

Red,

Red, as was *Adams* Earth; it ſpeaks
Manhood, in which that God abode.
But White and Ruddy, both in one,
Speaks him a Perſon, God and Man:
The white, the badg of Innocence,
Never was black, nor never can.
But red as blood, and red with blood,
Drawn by the ſins that we lay in.
The white breathes Joy & Peace to Saints,
The Red breathes blood to ſinful men.
This is the Man whoſe abſence kills me;
Chiefeſt of thouſands he's to me:
This is the man whoſe preſence fills me:
O! could I meet him! where is he?

CANT. V. 11.

His head is as the moſt fine Gold ——

HYMN 91.

HIS Head the ſeat of Wiſdom is,
Moſt lovely to behold:
His Underſtanding infinite,
Shines like the pureſt Gold.
This head of his is lifted up
Above the ſtarry Skies,
When all his En'mies heads lye low,
Shall ſink, and never riſe.

He is the head of all his Saints
By way of Eminence,
More worth than all their body is,
As Gold to ſingle-pence.
He is the Churches head, from whence,
By way of Influence,
As from a Spring of Life they have
Their motion, ſtrength, and ſenſe.
The head of Powers, which he rules
By Scepter and his Rod:
O what a glorious head hath he!
The head of Chriſt is God!
Wonder not at me then, if I
Complain as almoſt dead;
For I have loſt my God, my King;
O, I have loſt my Head!

CANT. V. 11.

——— *His locks are buſhy, and black as a Raven.*

HYMN 92.

HIS locks (not worn for Pride,
Nor yet to ſet out ſin;
Nor yet to vaunt a ſwelling Tide
Of naughtineſs within)

Speak

Speak him a *Nazarite*;
No Razor ſhaves his Head,
Serving the Lord with all his might:
A Separate indeed.
His vow of ſeparation
Layes ſtrongeſt bonds upon him;
He ſhall be call'd a *Nazarite*,
His locks ſhall well become him:
His locks are curl'd and black,
The vigour of his ſtrength
Will make his Enemies go to wrack,
And quell his Foes at length.
You glory in your Hair,
The curlings of your Treſſes;
Come lay aſide your filthy Pride,
And to him make Addreſſes.
This is the man I want;
This Perſon I muſt have:
O, I muſt quickly find him out,
Or I muſt find my Grave.

CANT.

CANT. V. 12.

His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, waſhed with milk, and fitly ſet.

HYMN 93.

I'Le tell you farther, That if ſuch
A Perſon you ſhall ſee,
Whoſe eyes like Doves are waſht with milk
And water; This is He.
He hath a killing eye, will pierce
Through Adamantine Ears,
And wound a Rock but with a look,
And melt it into Tears.
Eyes that are clear, and fitly ſet,
That can ſee all things paſt,
And all things preſent, and to come,
As long as time ſhall laſt:
Whoſe eyes are purely chaſt: That never
Open'd to let in ſin;
That never did the leaſt endeavour
To take foul objects in.
If ſuch a one you meet, whoſe eyes
Like flames and lamps of fire
Strike dead, and yet give Life; that do
Confound, yet ſtir deſire.

This

This is the man I ſeek; a man
All-ſeeing, and All-Eye;
Tell him, if ſuch a one you meet,
'Tis for his Love I dye.

CANT. V. 13.

His cheeks are as a bed of ſpices, as ſweet flowers: his lips like lilies dropping ſweet-ſmelling myrrh.

HYMN 94.

HIS cheeks two fragrant beauties are,
Whoſe Odoriferous ſmell
Like beds of ſpices freſh and rare,
So ſweet no tongue can tell.
Or like the richeſt flow'rs in *May*,
Whoſe ſcent perfumes the Air;
Whoſe colours beautifie the day,
And all mens wonder are.
His lips are lily-white, and fair,
The products of them ſweet;
His Counſels, Kiſſes, Comforts, Calls,
All Cordials in them meet.
The man that ſpake as no man ſpake,
Each word an Oracle;
The man that ſpake, and never hath
Tranſgreſt a ſyllable.

Your

Your Popes and Councils all have err'd,
Thoſe glittering trifles all;
But my Beloved's lips ne're mov'd
Amiſs, nor never ſhall.
This is the man my Soul ſeeks; oh!
That I could ſee that Face!
Them Ruby Cheeks and Lips again,
In ſome due time and place!

CANT. V. 14.

His hands are as gold-rings ſet with the beryl: his belly is as bright Ivory overlaid with ſaphires.

HYMN 95.

HAnds that have made the Heav'ns all,
And all the Hoaſts therein:
That made the Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
And you and me, and men.
And when the work was ſpoiled quite,
And overturn'd by ſin:
Theſe hands of his went freſh to work,
And made all up agen:
His Belly, where his Bowels dwell,
Are working out our aid;
Like Treaſures in an Ivory box,
With *Saphires* overlaid.

Yearns

Yearns to diſtreſſed Souls, that be;
His heart within him roles:
He mindeth not his own concerns,
But ſinners caſe condoles.
'Twas Bowels nail'd him to the Croſs,
'Twas Bowels made him dye;
'Twas Bowels ſet his Blood abroach
For ſuch a one as I.
He pities all the World, and all
His ſuffering Saints: But he
Had no Compaſſion for himſelf:
O, hath he none for me!

CANT. V. 15.

His legs are as pillars of marble, ſet upon ſockets of fine gold ——

HYMN 96.

HIs Legs like marble pillars, ſet
On Sockets of the fineſt Gold:
The man I ſeek, and can't forget,
Bears up himſelf, and all the World,
Upon the baſis of his ſtrength,
Supported are all things that be: (length;
Their heights & depths, their breadth and
Who Heaven and Earth ſuſtains, that's he.

His

His People and their Graces ſtand,
Not on their own Legs, but on his:
More firm than ever *Adam* did,
That walk'd the rounds of Paradice.
Thoſe little Pillars ſoon let fall,
What was intruſted to their pow'r:
But on this Marble pillar ſhall
His Saints be kept till their laſt hour.
Jehovah Shaddai, is his name;
The ſtrong and mighty God is he;
There is no Tongue can ſpeak his fame,
The beſt but liſp his dignity.
This is my well beloved one;
In all the World there's not the like:
This is the man for whom alone,
I am in this diſtreſſed plight.

CANT. V. 16.

— His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the Cedars.

HYMN 97.

HIs Countenance, who looks upon it,
Takes proſpect of fair *Lebanon*.
The objects were preſented from it,
Dazled the Eyes of lookers on.

The

The various lofty *Cedars* there,
And ſeveral ſorts of other Trees.
The *Aromatick* Fruits, there, were
Graceful and grateful to the Eyes:
Yet nothing like the proſpect which
His ſhining Countenance ſends forth:
So fair, ſo beautiful, ſo rich:
O, how ſhall I advance his worth?
O that I could but ſee that face,
That once ſo ſtrongly drew my heart!
O that I could enjoy that place,
That once I had beyond deſert!
But I have loſt him, he is gone, (tears:
Which makes my Eyes run down with
I cannot find him; left alone,
I'm almoſt drown'd in doubts and fears.
Yet this I'le ſay, I feel his hand,
Altho I cannot ſee his face,
And in his Preſence ſtill I ſtand,
And he ſupports me with his Grace.

CANT.

CANT. V. 16.

His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.

HYMN 98.

THE gracious words that drop
From his sweet Mouth, so free;
Are sweeter than the sweets, that top,
Sweetness it self to me.
In short, this is the man,
He's altogether love,
And altogether lovely; can
You find me such a Dove?
You Daughters, this is he:
This my Beloved is:
No tongue can teach, no Language can
Express that love of his.
The drops that fills the Seas,
Go count them one by one,
Then joyn the number, if you please,
Of Stars, till there be none.
To these the Sands, the Hairs,
All th' objects of the sight;
Hyperbolize Immensity,
And run to Infinite.

This

This my beloved is:
He is the Total Sum
Of all perfection; and the Bliſs
Of all that to him come.

Finis Cap. 5. *Laus Deo.*

CANT. VI. 1.

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou faireſt among women? whither is thy beloved turned aſide? that we may ſeek him with thee?

HYMN 99.

STrange character, as e're we heard!
But is he ſo indeed?
We'l ſeek him too, if this be true,
We'l ſeek him with all ſpeed.
This is the Man that onely can
Put all things out of doubt:
That will be Joy, and Heav'n to us,
If we can find him out:
Come then and let's together ſeek him,
As hungry men their food.
And if it be our Bliſs to meet him,
He'l be our chiefeſt good.
O how our hearts are ſet on fire!
Pray help us ſeek him too:

O how we burn with hot desire!
We'l seek as well as you:
My soul! desires get desires,
As Bellows blow the Flame;
As I have seen, where wood is green
And Coals to Billets came.
'Tis all the glory Mortals can,
Bring to the blessed Jesus,
To others to commend his Name,
Whose matchless worth will please us.

Another to the Tune *of* Psal. 50.

IS this the Christ —— The lover of thy soul?
Is this the Blest —— Whose loss thou dost condole?
These praises high —— Have set our hearts on fire:
Let us come nigh —— We burn with hot desire. (us,
We'l seek him too —— We know not where to mend
We'l go with you —— If you'l so far befriend us.
O happy day —— That ere we met with you,
To lead the way —— If what you speak be true:
This is the man —— If we can find him out,
That only can —— Put all things out of doubt:
O, this is he —— Whom if we find, we find
All things that be —— And can enrich the mind.
My Soul! 'tis good —— Desires get desires;
'Tis others food —— As fire kindles fires:
Thus have I seen —— The Bellows raise a flame,
When wood was green — And Coals to Billets came.
'Tis all the glory —— Poor Worms can bring to
(Jesus, (please us.
To lay before ye —— The matchless worth may

CANT.

CANT. VI. 2.

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of ſpices, to feed in the garden, and to gather lilies.

HYMN 100.

COme then, and let us go
Into his Gardens, where
The Spices ſmell, and Lilies grow.
And we ſhall find him there.
Where fruitful People meet,
As Lily-roots abound:
In Beds all plac'd, and Spices ſweet,
There he is to be found.
Where he may feaſt himſelf
With moſt Divine delight,
And have the ſweeteſt taſts of love;
Where Saints meet in his ſight.
Where holineſs abounds,
And where his Spirit breathes,
And where his Fathers Praiſes ſounds;
With theſe his Life he leads.
Come then, and let us go,
And leave theſe barren Fields!
For here's no Flow'r, no Fruit, and ſo
Nothing true Pleaſure yeilds.

The Worlds a barren Heath;
The Church his Garden is,
And all his Saints are all his Plants;
His Preſence is their bliſs.

CANT. VI. 3.

I am my beloveds, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

HYMN 101.

O What a mercy 'tis, that I
Deſerted thus, ſhould feel a glance
Of love dart from his pleaſing eye,
Thus wounded by deſertions lance!
I've loſt him; yet I find a ray,
That drives my fright and fears away:
However, I pine in bitterneſs;
I'm ſure he's mine, and I am his.
Thus have I ſeen a ſudden ray,
Diſpel the Clouds and gild the day.
Under Vine-leaves a cluſter hid,
And faith that can all fears outbid.
How bright is Faith in Bridal-robe,
Whoſe language is, My Lord, my God!
My Chriſt, whom I Monopolize,
And can him call my only prize!

There

There is in that ſame pronoun *My*,
A choice and ſweet Divinity.
What is a glorious God to me,
If I can't lay my claim to thee?
I ſay, he's mine, and I am his,
And humbly ſeal it with a kiſs:
Angels, is Heaven for none but you?
O! this to me is Heaven too.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 50.

BLeſs me my God--What beam of Heaven is this?
Diſplay'd abroad--The day deſertion is:
I've loſt my Love——And yet I find a ray,
Dart from above——That drives my frights away.
I'm ſure he's mine——I am ſure I am his:
Howe're I pine——And mourn in Bitterneſs.
Thus have I ſeen——The Sun by ſudden ray;
The clouds contemn——And ſhine and gild the day.
There is a cluſter——Under the Vine-leaves hid,
When faith ſhall muſter-And falſe fears out-bid.
How bright is Faith——When in the Bridal-robe,
A full blown Faith——Whoſe Language is, *My God.*
My Chriſt is all——Whom I Monopolize,
And can him call——My Love, my only Prize,
And ſay, I know——He's mine, and I am his:
And in it grow——Seal'd with a holy kiſs.
Angels admire——Is Heaven for none but you?
Let me aſpire——O, this is Heaven too!

CANT. VI. 4.

Thou art beautiful, my love, as Tirzah: as comely as Jeruſalem: terrible as an army with banners.

HYMN 102.

I'Le now unvail my ſelf,
I'le cloud my love no longer,
I'le now appear to quench your thirſt,
And ſatisfie your hunger.
I love thoſe holy Fires,
That kept themſelves alive;
When almoſt drown'd with Seas of Tears,
Thy Graces yet did thrive.
Thou art all fair, my Love;
Thou art ſo very comely:
Thou art to me ſo beautiful,
That I admire thee only.
Like *Tirzah*'s famous Citie,
Where Kings did keep their Courts,
Or like that fair *Jeruſalem*,
Whoſe ſtrong impregnant forts;
Whoſe terror ſtruck their foes,
Made them to fly the place:
Such is thy Valour, O my Love,
Such Thunder in thy Face.

Rome,

Rome, Hell, the World and Fleſh,
The Devil, Death and Sin:
Under thy Hand do trembling ſtand,
Such terrors are they in.
It was my ſtrength, not thine,
That bare ſo dark a teſt:
The ſtrength is mine, by which thou ſhalt
Soon vanquiſh all the reſt.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 104.

THou art fair, my Love,
Thou art very comely,
Thou art beautiful;
I admire thee only.
Tirzah's famous City,
Where Kings kept their Courts,
Makes me think on thee,
Whoſe impregnant forts
Terror-ſtrike thy Foes,
Conquer all that come;
With thy Swords and Shields,
Battering Hell and *Rome*.
World, Fleſh, Devil, and
Sin, Death, trembling ſtand:
Nothing ſtands before
Thy Victorious hand.

Thy Arms Armies are,
  Thy Faith a ſharp Spear.
All thy Graces are
  Swords to make them fear:
Such art thou, my Love,
  With thee is my ſtrength:
Arm'd by me, thou ſhalt
  Conquer all at length.

CANT. VI. 5.

Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome him ——

HYMN 103.

SAint, turn away thine eyes from me,
  For they do overcome me.
Thy piercing Eye-beams wound my heart;
  Turn them, O turn them from me.
'Tis not thy fleſhly Eyes, my Dear,
  For they are my diſguſt:
No better they then filthy Styes,
  And Caterers for Luſt.
But 'tis thoſe inward Eyes that pierce me;
  Thoſe ſouly beams of Light,
That ſearching eye of ſtrong Deſire,
  That found me in the Night.

That

That ſhot its rays about the dark,
And ſparkled all with Fire:
And that ſame Eye of Faith it was
The life of that deſire,
That was ſo reſtleſs, till it found
Its truly long'd-for Jeſu;
And was well-nigh in ſorrow drown'd,
Till I had ſaid, I'le eaſe you.
Eyes that were turned unto me,
When I was turned from thee,
Have made me fear the letting out
Of too much Love upon thee.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſa'. 134.

TUrn away thine eyes,
They do overcome me:
Beauty in them lyes,
Matchleſs; turn them from me.
Eyes are tempting things,
Mortals find them ſo:
Eyes have conquer'd Kings,
Brought their Scepters low.
'Tis not fleſhly Eyes,
They are my diſguſt:
They are ſinful Styes,
They are darts of Luſt.

That Eye of Deſire,
  That did find me out:
And ſparkling with fire,
  Shot its rays about.
Reſtleſs, till it found
  Its beloved Jeſu,
And in Sorrow drown'd,
  Till I ſaid, I'le eaſe you.
That ſame Eye of Faith,
  Whoſe bright darts could kill
All that Sorrow, ſaith,
  Hopeleſs truſting ſtill.
Eyes that turned to me,
  When I turn'd away:
O, theſe eyes undo me,
  Conquering get the day.
I fear, O my Saints,
  I ſhould Love too much:
My heart ſtrongly pants;
  Love to you is ſuch.

CANT. VI. 5.

—Thy hair is a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead.

HYMN 104.

NOw I will praiſe her for her hair;
The modeſt covering of her head;
The emblem of that Loyalty,
That in ſubjection's hand is lead.
Her hairs like Counters, caſt the ſum,
Numberleſs numbers of her ſins,
And having waſht my feet with tears,
With hairs to wipe them ſhe begins.
The Goats on *Gileads* mountains bear
A long and ſoft, and uſeful hair:
But no ſuch Hair as hers, whoſe treſſes
Adorns her face with pleaſing dreſſes.
Wo to the Crown of Pride, whoſe hair,
Whoſe long and buſhy Locks declare,
A bruitiſh Cuſtom every where,
And only uſed for a Snare.
The long hair'd Gallants of theſe times,
Wear Horſes mains on humane Faces:
Turn men to Monſters, and the work
Of God and Nature much diſgraces.

God

God in a bush did once appear,
But in their bush hath never been:
They'l never leave till Satan come,
And thrust a burning Candle in.

Another to the Tune *of* Psal. 111.

THe covering of her head,
With which she is belted.
Her hair, the embleme is
Of lovely Loyalty;
Subjection under me:
O what an honour 'tis!
With these she casts the sums,
As well it her becomes,
The number of her sins;
And having wash't my feet,
With hair, a Towel meet,
To wipe them she begins.
VVo to the Crown of Pride,
VVho to her Sins beside,
Hath added every where,
Such loathsome heads of hair,
Us'd only for a Snare,
To those that foolish are.
That marry Horses mains,
To humane Heads; whose gains

They

They must receive in Hell:
God in a Bush was seen,
But never hath he been,
VVhere this proud Bush doth dwell.

CANT. VI. 6.

Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep, which goeth up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.

HYMN 105.

MY Spouse, I'le add, to praise thee more,
And will repeat again:
Think not, that I'le abate my Love,
Distasted at thy sin.
Those teeth are washt and double set,
They eat my Flesh and Blood:
I am thy spirittual food of Life,
I am thy chiefest good.
Thy grinders are thy Faith in me,
Thy Faith a stomach hath.
O, how I love to see thee feed!
How lovely is thy Faith?
I'le wash thy teeth in Milk, and be
A Breast, a Feast, a Table,

A Saviour to thy Faith and Thee:
Fear not, for I am able.
I'le make thy Faith bring forth her fruits,
As twinning Sheep their young:
I'le water both the ſtem and roots,
And then I'le freely come:
I'le come with joy and great delight,
To ſee my Flocks a feeding,
As Shepherds uſe; I'le bleſs my ſight,
To ſee my Sheep a breeding.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 111.

I'Le praiſe my Church yet more,
To what I ſaid before;
I will repeat again,
She ſhall not think that I,
Cauſe ſhe was faulty, fly,
Or in Affection wane.
Her teeth wherewith ſhe chews
Her food, that Life renews,
Are waſht and double ſet;
I am her ſpiritual food,
I am her chiefeſt good:
I'le never her forget.
Her grinders are her Faith,
Her Faith a ſtomack hath,

To feed upon my Fleſh;
The waſhing is my blood:
I'le cleanſe her in that flood,
And ſo her ſoul refreſh.
Her Faith is fruitful too,
More then falſe faith can do,
Or barren doubts and fears:
She eats my Fleſh, and drinks
My Blood, and no man thinks
What lovely Fruit ſhe bears.

CANT. VI. 7.

As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

HYMN 106.

HAve you not been, where you have ſeen
The red and bluſhing Pomgranate,
All overſpread with Roſy-red,
As natures bounty did create?
Her Face a Virgins bluſh adorns,
Spread with all ruby baſhfulneſs:
A Face of Braſs ſhe highly ſcorns,
But comelineſs commends her dreſs.
No criſp profanes her modeſt hair;
Content with Natures Ornament.

She ſcorns to go profanely bare,
Or give to Pride a fooliſh vent.
'Tis Nature, not baſe Art adorns her:
No Hypocrite in Face or Heart;
A painted piece, Religion ſcorns her;
The Hypocrite and God muſt part.
She bluſheth, 'cauſe ſhe cannot bluſh;
And fears, becauſe ſhe fears no more.
Senſe of her Sin doth always fluſh
Her modeſt Face, and grieve her ſore.
My Soul! this Conſternation due,
Becomes the holy Virgin-Bride;
Of that ſame bleeding Lover, who
For thy Salvation gladly dy'd.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 112.

HAve you not been where you have ſeen,
The red and bluſhing Pomegranate,
All overſpread with Roſy-red,
As Natures bounty did create?
Thy Cheeks and Temples, O my Spouſe,
Modeſty crowns, and ſo thy Brows:
Thy Face a Virgin-bluſh adorns
Spread with a ruby baſhfulneſs;
A face of Braſs thou highly ſcorns,
But comelineſs commends thy dreſs.

Thy

Thy Guilt and Sin in which to blame,
As with a Pencil paints thy ſhame.
No Criſp prophanes thy modeſt hair;
Content with Natures Ornament;
Thou ſcorn'ſt to go prophanely bare,
Or give to pride a fooliſh vent:
'Tis Nature, not baſe Art adorns thee:
A painted piece, Religion ſcorns thee.
My Soul this conſternation due
Becomes the holy Virgin-Bride,
Of that ſame bleeding Lover who,
For thy Salvation gladly dy'd.
Bold ſteps in Sin, let me not trace;
But guilty, hide my bluſhing Face.

CANT. VI. 8.

There are threeſcore queens, and fourſcore concubines, and virgins without number.

Verſ. 9. *My dove, my undefiled is but one: ſhe is the onely one of her mother, ſhe is the choice one of her that bare her.*

HYMN 107.

I Am no Bigamiſt,
I have no Concubines,
It's onely one Church I admit;
One Child; I have no Twins:

My

My Church is more to me,
And ſo ſhe ever ſhall,
Than all things in the world that be,
Could I prevail at all.
Could I but gain her Love,
My heart would Captive be,
And all my Pains, would be my gains,
My Croſs, my Melodie.
Let there be Threeſcore Queens,
And Fourſcore Concubines,
And Virgins numberleſs, that catch
Fools in their ſnaring gins.
My Loved is but one,
That one is more than they:
There is more worth in her alone:
The *Sun* 'tis makes it day,
Away falſe Beauties all,
My loved one, is One;
I love but one, and ſhe ſhall call
Her ſelf, my Spouſe alone.

Another

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 113.

MY Church is more to me than all
The things that are, or ever ſhall:
My heart's a Captive to her Love,
I'me held in theſe deſir'd chains,
As recompenc'd for all my pains;
Could I but her Affections move.
Let there be Threeſcore Queens in Thrones,
And Fourſcore Concubines at once,
And Virgins numberleſs alſo,
This one of mine outſhines the Day,
She is but one, yet more than they;
And more to me, as Angels know.
Thus ſeveral Members in one Man,
Epitomiz'd into a ſpan,
Concenter ſtill to make him one:
Thus Seas have many Rivers, yet
All theſe in the ſame Ocean met,
Make up but one Reception:
So is my undefiled Love,
Kingdoms her greater Members prove,
And leſſer Churches are her parts;
And every Saint a Member is:
And they are many, yet all this
Is but one Center-neſt of hearts.

CANT.

CANT. VI. 9.

The Daughters ſaw her, and bleſſed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praiſed her.

HYMN 108.

HOw lovely are my precious Saints
In others Eyes, as well as mine!
Let *Baalam* ſpeak: or elſe let thoſe
That never found her yet Divine!
'Tis eaſie to commend the way:
No man can ſpeak againſt the Truth;
The natural Conſcience hath a ray:
But happy he, the Chaſe purſu'th:
'Tis hard to yield the heart: but why
Should not the heart be yielded? when
The way of Saints, the beſt of ways,
And they are ſure the beſt of Men.
And why not yield the heart? when as
The God of Saints, the beſt of Gods,
And his Love is the beſt of Loves,
And their Loves are the beſt, by odds?
Come all ye Angels of the Heavens,
Come all the World, I'le joyn with you:
Come help me Love, my loved Prize:
I love her; do you Love her too.

Let

Let Queens admire their own desires:
And Concubines their lustful fires:
I'le love my own, and onely Love,
And nothing shall my Heart remove.

Another to the Tune *of* Psal. 113.

THe people saw her sparkling Rays,
And did upon her Beauty gaze,
And call'd my Church a blessed one:
And Queens and Concubines, whose hearts
Had never felt what love imparts,
Yet spake her commendation.
Thus *Baalam* cry'd, How comely are
Thy Tents, O *Israel*? how fair?
Yet had no heart to yield the fort.
'Tis easie to commend the way;
The natural conscience hath a ray:
But O! 'tis hard to yeild the heart.
And why not yeild the heart now? VVhen
My Saints are sure the best of men;
And this their way the best of ways.
Their God the best of gods, and when
Their VVork the best of works, and then
The best of Joys for endless days?
Let Queens admire their own desires,
And Concubines their lustful fires,

And

And Virgins dote on whom they pleaſe.
I'le love my own and only Love,
And nothing ſhall my heart remove;
'Tis thine my Dove, here take the Keys.

CANT. VI. 10.

Who is ſhe that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the ſun, terrible as an army with banners?

HYMN 109.

WElcome the time, that brings the news,
Of the Returning of the *Jews:*
Whoſe Kings are all in Armour dreſt,
And *Sions* foes are diſpoſſeſt.
A new created people, which
Unlookt-for, ſhall the World enrich,
And give my Foes a final fall,
And make the Nations tremble all.
This is the lovely Morning-light,
That breaks out of a darkſome Night;
And gradually advanceth forth,
Like to the Sun's reſplendent worth.
Heirs of the Promiſe, tho kept out;
Whoſe are the Covenants, no doubt,
Tho long ſequeſtred for their ſin,
And ſad the caſe that they were in.

Lo,

Lo, now the Morning twilight dawns,
And they come marching o're the lawns.
Equip't for blood, like men of War;
Their ſleeping Souls awak'ned are.
O, what a glorious ſight is this!
O what a heart-rejoicing 'tis!
That thoſe that at a diſtance ſtood;
Return the purchaſe of my blood!

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 113.

NEws from the Confines of the *Eaſt*,
There Kings in Armour all are dreſt,
To make the Nations tremble all.
A new created People, which
Unlook for, ſhall the World enrich,
And give my Foes a final fall.
This is a lovely Morning-light,
That breaks out of a darkſome Night,
And gradually advanceth forth:
Firſt, as the Moon in dusky fair,
Then as the Sun with light moſt clear:
Who's this? and what her ſplendent worth?
Heirs of the Promiſe, tho keept out;
Whoſe are the Covenants, no doubt,

Tho

Tho long ſequeſtred for their ſin.
Lo, now the Morning twilight dawns,
And they come marching o're the lawns,
From out the Dungeons they were in.
O! what a glorious ſight is this?
O! what a heart-rejoicing 'tis,
That now the purchaſe of my Blood,
In all my Saints compleated is,
And *Jews* and *Gentiles* coaleſce,
That heretofore at diſtance ſtood!

CANT. VI. 11.

I went down into the Garden of Nuts, to ſee the fruits of the Valley, and to ſee whether the Vine flouriſhed, and the Pomegranates budded.

HYMN 110.

ROuſe thee, O *Iſrael*,
Child of the Valley, where,
Put from the preſence of the mate;
Sad thy rejectings were.
O thou haſt been to me,
Garden of Nuts: ſo hard,
So dry, ſuch husky Shells; from thee
All comforts were debar'd.

There

There was a Kernal, but
  There was no coming at it;
By unbelief thou wert, as if
  For thy deſtruction fatted.
At laſt I heard in thee,
  A ratling of the bones,
As if they would together come;
  And real ſighs and groans.
I will go down and ſee
  Whether the Vines are good,
And Grapes abound, and give us hopes,
  And the Pomegranates bud.
If ſo, the work is done;
  Thy Foes are put to flight:
To Rocks and Mountains they ſhall run,
  For ſhelter, if they might.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 124.

O *Iſrael,*
Child of the Valley, where
No Tongue can tell,
  What's thy afflicted ſtate,
Sequeſtred from
  The preſence of thy Mate:
Whoſe doom was juſt,
  For caſting off my fear,
And me ſo ſoon,
  Hence thy rejectings were.

Thou'ſt been to me,
  Garden of Nuts ſo hard,
So dry, ſuch Husks,
  Could'ſt not be opened:
Kernel there was,
  But none upon it fed:
Thy unbelief
  Did thy return retard;
And ſlighting me,
  Thy Prayer was not heard.
At laſt, I hear
  A ratling of the Bones,
As if they'd come
  Together ſuddenly:
Thy God will come,
  And ſee how all things lye.
Is it a thing
  That's real? Are there groans,
And tears, and fruits,
  And ſupplications?
O, doth the Vine
  Flouriſh! the Grapes abound,
And give us hopes!
  Do *the Pomegrantes bud?*
Hath God inſpir'd
  Their hearts with real good?
Thy God will come,
  If theſe be in thee found,
And lead thee forth;
  VVith ſafety thee ſurround.

CANT. VI. 12.

Or ever I was aware, my ſoul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

HYMN III.

SION awake! the day is come;
Rouſe as a *Lion* from thy den:
Th' alarm ſounds, that ne're did yet:
My Spirit is up. Awaken then:
You Angels get your Chariots ready,
Prepare you for this long'd-for day:
Haſt, haſt, come, I am dreſt already;
My Soul's a wing, I cannot ſtay.
Amminadibs Chariots drove faſt;
But never drove ſo faſt as mine:
Amminadib was not in ſuch haſt,
Nor flew ſo faſt on wings of time.
A willing God, a willing People,
Both hot upon the ſame deſign;
They'r both agreed; there's not a ſcruple,
To interpoſe to while off time.
Our Hearts are ſwifter than our Charets;
We'l both conſpire from our places:
Thou here, and I from lofty Garrets,
We'l lift this World from of its baſis.

My Soul admire! what haſt he ſpeeds,
To fetch his Captives out of thrall?
With winged flames to help their needs,
That pickled lay in Salt and Gall.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 124.

ROuſe! there is life,
The long'd-for day is come:
Th' Alarm ſounds,
Where it ne're ſounded yet:
Their hearts have ears,
They'r peirced to the quick.
I'le now go down,
And do what's to be done;
My heart's on fire;
I'le be their Light and Sun.
You bleſſed An-
gels, get you Chariots ready:
My Royal Spirit
Is up, I muſt away:
My Soul is all-
A-wing, I cannot ſtay:
Amminadib,
That drove ſo faſt and ſteddy,
Had not my haſt:
Come, I am dreſt already.

A willing God,
And willing People met,
With reſolu-
tions ſtronger than the Charets:
They from below,
I from my lofty Garrets:
O, what a great
Day's this, When in a net,
This wicked World,
My Foes, are all beſet!
My Soul admire!
With what a haſt he ſpeeds,
To fetch his Poor,
His Captives out of thrall,
This many years,
Pickled in Salt and Gall?
He comes amain,
And drives his fiery Steeds,
Like winged flames,
To help them at their needs.

CANT. VI. 13.

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee: what will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the company of two armies.

HYMN 112.

REturn, return, O *Shulamite*;
Return, return to me:
Thy God would bring thee back again;
Meſſiah waits for thee.
'Twill be the Nations wonder, when
The Pow'r of this Command
Shall knit thy Sinews, giving Life
And Vigor to thy hand.
This voice, *Return*, ſhall rouſe thee up
From dead ſleep thou art under,
And Spirit thy benummed Limbs:
'Tis like the voice of thunder.
Wake, *Judah*, gird thy Harneſs on:
Wake to the Battel now:
Wake *Iſrael*, joyn thy forces with
Thy ſiſter *Judahs* bow.
Two Armies, like two floods ſhall twiſt
Their ſtreams of fire together,

And

And drink the ſinful Nations up,
And make their Glory wither.
Proud *Babel* now ſhall tumble down,
And all her Kings ſhall fall:
Now Antichriſt hath run her race:
Shall be no more at all.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 124.

RETurn, return,
O *Shulamite*, return,
Return thou Daugh-
ter of fair *Sion* hill:
O; how I long!
My Soul is fainting till
Thy God ſhall bring
Thee back, and make thee burn
With love to thy
Meſſiah dear, and mourn.
Return, return,
And make the Nations wonder:
Now ſhalt thou feel
The Pow'r of this command:
I'le give it force,
Thou ſhalt it not withſtand:
I'le ſpirit that word
With life, and make it thunder,
And wake thee from
That dead ſleep thou art under.

Wake *Judah*, wake,
And girt thy Harneſs on:
Wake *Iſra'l*, wake,
VVake to the Battel now:
I'le give the VVorld
To thee, thy armies too,
Shall drink the ſin-
ful Nations up, and come
And build their Trophies
Sions mount upon.
Now is the time,
Ten ſhall a thouſand chace:
Proud *Babel* now
Shall tumble down before ye:
I'le make her ſtoop,
And all her Kings adore ye.
Now Antichriſt,
Thou'ſt run thy curſed race:
Now *Iſrael*,
Strike home, and take their place.

CANT.

CANT. VII. 1.

How beautiful are thy feet with ſhoes, O princes daughter! the joynts of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

HYMN 113.

COme Princes Daughter, come,
Born of the Royal Blood:
My Father is thy Father, whom
To ſerve's thy chiefeſt good.
I ſee thy feet are ſhod
With preparation for
A ſweet returning to thy God,
Whom once thou didſt abhor.
How welcome are thy goings?
How beautiful thy feet?
Theſe buds that bloſſom from thy doings,
To me are dearly ſweet.
There's not a ſtep thou takeſt,
Towards thy *Meſſiah* dear;
But drops a Jewel to enrich
The World both far and near.
Jewels are not ſo rich,
As ſteps that Retrograde:

t is enough to raiſe a pitch
Of Love I never had.
Pride not thy ſelf for this;
Let me have all the praiſe,
Who to thy ſteps did ſtrength confer,
And did this Building raiſe.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 125.

COme Daughter, born of Royal blood,
The King of Heav'n thy Father is;
He now awakes thee with a kiſs:
The day is come, ſo long withſtood.
Thou art to him ſo dear,
Thou never needeſt fear.
I ſee thy welcome feet are ſhod,
With preparation from above:
Thou that didſt hate, begin'ſt to Love,
A ſweet returning to thy God.
How welcome are thy goings?
How welcome are thy doings?
The buds that bloſſom from thy feet;
The very Bones that turn and move;
In th' hollow of thy Thighs I love:
All theſe to me are rarely ſweet.
Jewels are not ſo rare,
Nor can with them compare.

Pride

Pride not thy ſelf, give God the Praiſe,
That is the great Artificer,
Did to thy ſteps this ſtrength confer,
And did this hopeful Building raiſe.
To him thou ow'ſt thy birth,
And more than thou art worth.

CANT. VII. 2.

Thy navel is like a round Goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat, ſet about with lilies.

HYMN 114.

NOw I will tell the World the wonder:
A barren Church grows fruitful; ſhe
From whom in many hundred years,
I had no Children born to me.
Her Navel like a fountain fill'd,
Held Goblets of infuſed Grace:
Her pregnant Belly breeds a ſtock;
Like heaps of Wheat her number was.
Nations are born at once; they flock
To her as Doves to Windows get.
This is a Harveſt to the Lord,
Exceeding what he ere had yet.
When thouſands could Converſion date,
From ſome one Sermons powerful word:

This

This done in *Sions* infant-ſtate,
What will her manhood then afford?
Go *Gentiles*, go, your caſe condole,
A thouſand Sermons, ſcarce one Soul.
Thy Teachers fiſh, and nothing catch;
They knock, but who lifts up the latch?
But I'le unite you unto thoſe,
Shall 'creaſe your numbers as their own:
They ſhall be drops where Water flows,
Or grains in heaps of Wheat become.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 125.

NOw I will tell the World a wonder,
The barren Church grows fruitful: ſhe
From whom for many hundred years,
I had no Children born to me:
But now ſhe fertile grows;
Her numbers no man knows.
Nations are born at once: they flock
To her, as Doves to windows get:
Her Pregnant Belly bears a ſtock,
For numbers like the grains of Wheat:
And theſe like Lilies white,
Are pure in my ſight.
This is a Harveſt to the Lord;
Beyond it ſelf in Infant-ſtate,
When thouſands could converſion date,
From ſome one Sermons powerful word.

Tho

Tho ſince none ſuch hath been;
I'le make it ſo agen:
You *Gentiles* go, your caſe condole:
A thouſand Sermons, ſcarce a Soul:
Thy Teachers fiſh, and nothing catch:
They knock, but none lifts up the Latch:
I'le fertile mercies broach
And take away Reproach.
I will unite you unto thoſe,
Shall 'creaſe your numbers as their own:
They ſhall like drops, where water flows,
Or grains in heaps of Wheat become;
A Joyful day to Sion:
A Pillow ſoft to lye on.

CANT. VII. 3.

Thy two breaſts are like two young roes that are twins.

HYMN 115.

THy breaſts ſhall give their milk to Kings
And Princes be nurs'd up by thee:
Tyrants! there ſhall be no ſuch things:
By Thine ſhall Kingdoms ruled be.
Thy Nobles ſhall the Scepters ſway,
The Crowns and Thrones ſhall all be theirs.

Thoſe

Thoſe that will not thy feed obey,
Shall rue the day in Blood and Tears:
When I the Tyrants cauſe to ceaſe
This ſhall produce a world of peace:
No more ſhall men for fearing God
Taſt the *Red-Dragons* ſmarting Rod:
Salvation ſhall for Bulwarks ſtand,
And Walls of Fire about thy place:
And God at all times near at hand,
Shall ſafe-Protect thy bleſſed race.
Thy Breaſts ſhall nurſe up Rulers; ſo
Paſtors according to my heart
Shall be ſo well inſpir'd and fit,
That Souls they ſhall by ſhoals convert:
And with this holy Seed thou ſhalt
All under the broad Heavens fill:
Thou ſhalt Jehovah's praiſe exalt,
And live according to his will.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 125.

THy Breaſts ſhall give their milk to Kings,
And Princes be nurs'd up by thee:
Tyrants! there ſhall be no ſuch things:
By thine ſhall Kingdoms ruled be.
O what a bliſs is this,
The World at quiet is.

Thy

Thy Nobles ſhall thy Scepters ſway,
The Crowns and Thrones ſhall all be theirs;
Thoſe that will not thy Seed obey
Shall rue the day in blood and tears.
O what a bliſs is this!
The world at quiet is.
When I the Tyrants cauſe to ceaſe
This ſhall produce a world of peace:
No more ſhall men for ſerving God,
Taſt the *Red-Dragons* ſmarting Rod:
O what a bliſs is this!
The world at quiet is.
Thy Breaſts ſhall nurſe up Rulers: ſo
Paſtors according to my heart,
Shall be ſo well inſpir'd, and fit,
That Souls they ſhall by Shoals Convert:
O what a bliſs is this!
The world at quiet is.
And with this holy Seed thou ſhalt,
All under the broad Heavens fill,
Thou ſhalt Jehovah's praiſe exalt,
And live according to his will:
O what a bliſs is this?
The world at quiet is.

CANT.

CANT. VII. 4.

Thy Neck is as a Tower of Ivory.

HYMN 116.

THy Neck, O Sion, is a Tower
Of whiteſt Ivory:
No more to bear the pinching Yoak
Of force and Tyranny.
The Irons of Unſcripture modes,
And auk Impoſed Forms,
No more ſhall gall thy fleſh, and Soul,
I'le free thee from thoſe ſtorms.
The Idols now betake themſelves
To Clifts of craggy Rocks.
Thy God is riſen: light is come:
And ſpight's a Paradox.
Ariſe and ſhine: O Sion dreſs thee:
It is a pleaſant day,
And I thy God am come to bleſs thee:
Send all thy fears away.
O let thy Stately Neck bear up:
Thy Head advance it higher;
Now all thy Yoaks are burſt and burnt,
Put on thy beſt Attire.
Admit my eaſie Yoak, and think
Thy ſelf a free-man there

Chain'd

Chain'd to my Laws, my Saints and me
Thy Neck receives no ſcar:

CANT. VII. 4.

—Thine Eyes are like the fiſh-pools in Heſhbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim:—

HYMN 117.

WAter thy Plants, *Jeruſalem*:
Salvation's at the door.
Unſeal thy latent Fountains: weep
Till thou canſt weep no more.
Time was, when as of ſence bereft
Thou couldſt not broach a tear,
But now the hardned Rocks are cleft,
And waters guſhing there.
Thine Eyes like *Hesbons* Fiſh-pools ſtand
VVithin *Beth-rabbins* gate,
That moiſtens the adjacent Land:
And doth it fruitful make:
I love to ſee that pierced heart,
That pierced me and mine:
The tears that waſh my wounded feet,
To me are drops of VVine.
Thou'ſt wept enough: now weep no more,
But go rejoycing on:

I'le

I'le baniſh all thy fears and cares,
And bid them all be gone.
Repentance breaks two hearts at once;
The Sinners heart, and mine:
Tho Sin be great, the Mercy-ſeat
Shall cure that heart of thine.

CANT. VII. 4.

—Thy noſe is as the tower of Labanon, which looketh toward Damaſcus.

HYMN 118.

O How I joy to ſee,
Damaſcus brought to me:
The perſecuting Nations all,
With *Sion* ſhall agree.
To ſee fair *Lebanon*,
Her ſtately Tower look;
Towards her great foe *Damaſcus*, and
In peace each other brook.
Damaſcus, and the Mount,
Shall reach their hands, and joyn;
The *Lion* with the *Lamb* lye down,
In this great day of thine.
Thy Noſe ſhall ſmell a ſweet
Perfume from *Pagan* Lands,

And

And breath a welcome Air, to greet
Their reconciled bands.
And would the Churches now,
Their breaches seek to close:
I'de hast and come, and quickly turn
The heart of all their foes.
Would Saints unite yet more,
And all their fires cover:
I'de make their Enemies yield themselves,
And bring *Damascus* over.

CANT. VII. 5.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple——

HYMN 119.

THy head like *Carmels* crimson mount,
Repleat with light, as that with flowers:
Erects it self, and doth surmount
Above all human earthly Powers.
As *Carmel* did o're-top the Hills,
And far transcend their excellence:
The Glory of my *Sion* fills
The World, and takes pre-eminence.
The mountain of the Lords great house,
Above the tops of Mountains rose:

'Tis

'Tis now fulfill'd: O *Carmel* rouſe,
Exalt thy ſelf above thy foes.
Lift up thy head *Jeruſalem*,
I've made thee Lord of all the Earth:
Thy Scepter's in the hand of them
That are men of Renown and Worth.
And as thy hair upon thy head,
In numerous Unites overſpread:
So ſhall thy Purple Judges fill
With righteous Laws, the World half dead.
For Muninment and Ornament,
Hair is the Glory of the Head:
So ſhall thy wholſome Edicts ſpread,
And Juſtice be in Triumph led.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 148.

Like *Carmels* crimſon mount,
Such is my Church to me:
My *Sion*, I account
Above all things that be:
I will her praiſe
Above the Moon,
The Stars, the Sun,
Her honour raiſe.
Thy head doth raiſe its top,
Above all humane Powers:

Their

Their Boughs I'le have thee lop,
And pull down all their Towers:
And then ſhall we
Rejoyce to ſee,
Fair *Carmel* be,
In high degree.
The Mountain of the houſe
Of God, ſhall top the hills:
And *Sion* ſhall advance
Her rod againſt their wills.
Great *Sion* ſhall
By force of Arms,
And milder charms,
O're top them all.
Thy Purple Judges ſhall
Like hair in Unites ſpread:
Send forth ſuch Laws that all
The People ſhall be glad:
Then ſhall they praiſe,
And lively ſing:
For *Sions* King,
Their Voices raiſe.

CANT.

CANT. VII. 5.

——*Thy king is held in the galleries.*

HYMN 120.

AWake, O *Sion*: riſe and ſhine,
Put thy beſt Garment on:
Tho all the World 'gainſt thee combine,
Thy King comes marching on.
Lift up thine Eyes, behold thoſe Clouds,
Thoſe lofty Galleries:
There he Erects his Throne, and makes
His Glory fill the Skies.
There ſhalt thou look on him, whoſe heart
Was pierced by thy ſin,
And thou ſhalt mourn to ſee thoſe wounds,
And yet rejoyce therein.
There never was ſo great a day;
Sion thy King doth come,
And in theſe Galleries makes a ſtay,
Till thy great Work be done.
O rend the Heavens, Lord, and come
Thou down for *Sions* cauſe:
Deliver thine from Sin and *Rome*,
And all her Popiſh Laws:
And make thy People once agen,
The great *Hoſannah* ſing,

And

And Spirit every ſort of men,
To Worſhip *Sions* King.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 148.

O *Sion*! riſe and ſhine,
Put thy beſt Garments on,
Tho all the World combine;
Thy King comes marching on:
Behold thoſe Clouds,
His Perſon lies
In Galleries,
And there he ſhrouds.
Now ſhalt thou on him look,
Was peirced by thy Sin,
When thee he once forſook,
Cauſe thou forſookeſt him:
Now ſhalt thou mourn,
And yet rejoice,
With Heart and Voice,
Thy God is come.
There never was a day,
So welcome to the Saints,
As when he comes away,
To make up all their wants.
O rend the Skies:
O come away,

Make

Make no delay,
Poor *Sion* cries.
Hoſanna then we'l ſing,
And *Hallelujah* too:
We'l Worſhiſhip *Sions* King,
We'l praiſe him all anew.
In Heaven! ſo
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
In Earth below.

CANT. VII. 6.

How fair and how pleaſant art thou, O love, for delights!

HYMN 121.

I Don't repent my coming down;
Theſe Galleries are to me a Throne:
I'le get me here a new renown:
Into new Heavens I am come.
Ye bleſſed Angels, gird your ſelves,
To wait my royal motions thither:
Your trumpets ſound & ſhake the ground;
Let you and I rejoice together.
I'le ſee my new created Bride,
I'le let out all my hearts delight,

I'le

I'le put down all her ſinful Pride,
And Pride my ſelf in her bleſt ſight.
And, O! how fair, how pleaſant are
Thoſe ſweet delights I now ſhall take!
New Earth, new Heavens, all things new,
Theſe ſhall new Loves in me create.
Come then, beloved *Sion*, come,
Be not afraid; no diſtance can
Foment a jealouſie: There's none
Shall love thee more than God and Man.
O, let thy thirſty craving heart,
Imbibe and drink me fully down:
My Graces ſhall their good impart,
My merits give thee great renown.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 148.

I Come, and don't repent,
Into another Throne:
To *Sion* am I ſent,
To her I love alone:
No labour loſt,
To come and ſee,
Beloved ſhe,
My heart loves moſt.
Ye bleſſed Angels come,
And wait my Royal motions:

'Twill be your honour; come,
'I will give you new promotions.
You Angels blow,
Your trumpets ſound,
For I have found,
A Heav'n below.
How fair and pleaſant are
Thoſe ſweet delights I take?
New Heav'ns! new Earth! and thoſe
New Loves in me create.
Let me prefer,
My long'd for Bride,
And let me Pride
My ſelf in her.
O, let thy thirſty heart,
My Soul! imbibe him down,
And never from him part:
'Tis his and thy renown.
There's none that can,
E're be ſo dear,
Or come ſo near,
As God and Man.

CANT. VII. 7.

This thy ſtature is like to a Palm-tree, and thy breaſts to cluſters of the Grapes.

HYMN 122.

SION, thou art a *Palm*,
Under great preſſures growing:
Thy branches, the great Enſigns are
Of Victory overflowing.
The more the weights were hung
On every tender Bough:
The ſtraighter, upright, every branch
Doth towards Heaven grow.
Ride on triumphantly,
And make thy Charets fly:
Thy Martial word is Victory;
Ride on victoriouſly.
The Branches of the *Palm*,
Shall Crown thy glorious Head:
Thou ſhalt enjoy a bleſſed calm,
Thine Enemies all are fled.
Thy well-grown Breaſts are full,
As cluſters fill'd with Wine,
To nouriſh all thy Children ſmall,
And make them all Divine.

Now *Sion* bleſs thy King,
Whoſe conduct doth the work,
And down ſhall all his En'mies bring,
The Devil, *Pope* and *Turk*.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 147.

SION, thou art a *Palm*,
Under great Preſſures growing,
Whoſe Branches, Enſigns are,
Of Victory overflowing.
Triumphantly,
Thy Charet ſhall
Ride over all
Victoriouſly.
The more their weights were hung
On every tender Bough:
The ſtraighter, upright, thou
Doſt toward Heaven grow.
Thy Martial-word
Is Victory:
Thy Foes ſhall fly
Before thy Sword.
The Branches of the *Palm*,
Shall Crown thy glorious Head:
Thou ſhalt enjoy a calm:
Thine Enemies all are fled.

Then

Then ſhalt thou ſay,
To *Sions* King,
I ow this thing,
To get the day.
Thy welcome Breaſts are full,
As cluſters fill'd with Wine,
To nouriſh great and ſmall,
And make them all Divine.
Now march, O *Sion*,
The Praiſes ſing,
Of thy great King,
And *Judah*'s Lion.

CANT. VII. 8.

I ſaid, I will go up to the Palm-tree, I will take hold of the Boughs thereof: now alſo thy Breaſts ſhall be as Cluſters of the Vine, and the ſmell of thy noſe like Apples.

HYMN 123.

IT is a pleaſant ſight to ſee,
The Nations flocking in:
As Doves unto the Windows flee,
Repenting of their ſin.
I will take hold of thee, ſaith one;
O let me be thy Brother!

Give me one Cluſter of thy Grapes,
One Apple, ſaith another.
Beat up thy Drums for Volunteers,
Set up thy Standart, *Sion*!
To bring the Kings, and all their Peers,
To worſhip *Judah*'s Lion.
Thy Enemies now ſhall bow to thee,
And ſuck thy Breaſts their fill,
And ſhall be ſatisfi'd to ſee
Fair *Sions* raiſed Hill.
O *Iſra'l*, bud and bloſſom out,
And fill the World with fruit:
Let the Expence be what it will,
Thy God will thee recruit.
Thy ſmell is ſweet to all that come,
Their ſmell is ſweet to thee:
All Noſtrils fill'd with ſweet perfume!
O bleſſed day to ſee.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 147.

NOW they begin to love,
That hated thee before:
The Kings and Pow'rs above,
Cringing ſhall thee adore:
O bleſſed ſight!
To ſee them flock,
With all their ſtock,
To *Sions* light.

Give

Give me a Bough, ſaith one,
O let me be thy Brother:
Give me one Cluſter more;
One Apple, ſaith another.
Beat up the Drums,
Thy Noble Peers,
Are Volunteers,
Where *Sion* comes.
Thine Enemies now ſhall bow,
And ſuck thy Breaſts their fill:
And ſatisfied now,
Shall ſee thy raiſed Hill:
Then ſhall they ſing,
Halelujah,
Halelujah,
To *Sions* King.
Bloſſom, O *Iſrael*,
And fill the World with fruit:
Come, what Expences will,
I'le always thee recruit:
Come ſing this Song,
The day is ours,
Againſt the Powers
That rag'd ſo long.

CANT. VII. 9.

And the roof of thy mouth like the beſt wine, for my beloved, that goeth down ſweetly, cauſing the lips of thoſe that are aſleep, to ſpeak.

HYMN 124.

AWake, O *Sion*! ope thy Mouth,
Wide as thou canſt, for I will fill it:
Come and drink down my Spirit of Truth;
Upon thy heart I'le largely ſpill it.
I'le pour it out as ſweeteſt Wine,
As once of old I did at firſt:
Brimful I'le fill that heart of thine,
Come drink it down, and ſlake thy thirſt.
Theſe liberal draughts ſhall make thee ſpeak,
And utter ſuch tranſcendent matter,
Into the Mouths of men aſleep,
That they ſhall wake, and they ſhall utter.
Thy dead ſhall live, and thoſe that lay
Securely ſleeping in their ſin,
Shall now awake, and weep away,
The woful caſe that they were in.
No more ſhall men complain their hearts,
Like ſtrait neckt Veſſels take in little:

They

They cannot ſpeak what Grace imparts,
And for a great ſum yield a little.
Enlargements now ſhall ſpeak the praiſe
Of *Sions* King, where e're we come:
And thoſe that had not words to ſay,
For Chriſt before, now praiſe him home.

Another to the Tune *of* Pſal. 113.

AWake, O *Sion*! ope thy Mouth, (Truth.
Come and drink down my Spirit of
Open thy Mouth wide as thou canſt:
Let it crave what it can, I'le fill it:
My Holy Spirit, I'le largly ſpill it,
And fully anſwer all thy wants.
I'le pour my Spirit out like Wine;
To th' brim, I'le fill that heart of thine,
As once of old, I did at firſt:
Theſe liberal Draughts ſhall make thee ſpeak,
And pow'rfully thy Silence break:
Come drink it down, and ſlake thy thirſt.
Now ſhalt thou my high Praiſes utter,
And out with ſuch tranſcendent matter,
Into the Mouths of men aſleep,
That they ſhall wake. Thy dead ſhall live,
And joyning with thee, Praiſes give
To God and me; Thankſgivings keep.

No more shall men complain their hearts:
Can't utter what free Grace imparts.
Like strait neckt Vessels take in little:
Enlargements shall be common now,
And fill your Souls you know not how,
And make you full that have been fickle.

CANT. VII. 10.

I am my beloveds, and his desire is towards me.

HYMN 125.

YOu glorious Angels, sound your Trumps,
This is the Wedding-day:
King Jesus and his Saints agree,
Loves to each other pay.
Give me thy heart, saith he, my Son,
And for that Heart of thine:
Lest thou shouldst want a heart, I'le come,
And freely give thee mine.
Now view the Smiles that Crown the Face
Of this exalted Bride:
That now's about to take her place
By her Beloveds side.
Renowned Jesus! Art thou mine?
Since 'tis thine own desire:
To thee my self I now resign:
My heart is all on fire,

With

With flames of Love, to thee my King;
Thou mine, and I am thine:
'Tis Heav'n to me, thy Face to ſee;
I'm thine, and thou art mine.
May this days love more ſtable prove,
Than Hills and Mountains ſtrong;
Let Jeſus Chriſt the ſubject be,
Of my Eternal Song.

CANT. VII. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the Fields: let us lodg in the Villages.

HYMN 126.

THE Marriage being agreed upon,
Between the Bridegroom and the Bride:
When will this bleſſed Jeſus come,
To tye the knot that muſt be ty'd?
Wilt thou a publick Wedding make?
Inviting all the World unto it?
No, no! retirement we'l take;
But Angels, none ſhall ſee us do it.
There are ſuch perſons, and ſuch places,
From the Worlds eye obſcurely hid,
And there will we exchange Embraces,
There, there will we be Married.

'Tis

'Tis ſecret Paths, and private Walks,
Known to none elſe but thee and me:
'Tis Cloſet-breathings, unheard talks;
That knits the knot 'tween me and thee.
I would not ſell my ſecret Pray'rs
For more than thouſand pounds a year:
I would not loſe my ſtolen tears,
For all the VVorlds rich treaſure there.
VVhen I lockt up from the VVorlds eye,
Am all alone in Meditation:
Be ſure my Chriſt is ſtanding by,
And moſt at large in Revelation.

CANT. VII. 12.

Let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us ſee if the Vine flouriſh, whether the tender Grapes appear, and the Promegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

HYMN. 127.

THE Vines and tender Grapes,
And the Pomegranate buds:
The new-born off-ſpring, that are weak,
But ſhortly will be ſtuds,
In ſight of theſe, my dear,
I'le ſhew my love to thee:

As

As Children draw the Husbands love,
Thus mine is drawn from me.
Come see, and be the Bride
Of this most glorious Groom,
And lay your matters all aside,
And to the Wedding come.
You new converted are
As much concern'd as I:
Flourish and dress your selves, prepare,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh.
Take us, for we are thine,
And are our own no longer:
We wish our selves were more Divine,
We wish our Love's were stronger.
Thine only Will we be,
And thine Eternally:
O Rule, and Teach, and Govern us,
As well as save, pray I.

CANT.

CANT. VII. 13.

The Mandrakes give a ſmell, and at our gates are all manner of pleaſant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

HYMN 128.

O What a joyful Spring is this!
The Mandrakes give their ſmell:
That lay all Winter buried in
The Earth, as in their cell.
Sion was dead, but is alive;
The ſweet perfumes of Grace
Begin to bleſs the World, and yield
Their ſents in every place.
The Converts, both the new and old,
Are full of pleaſant Fruit:
And all laid up for thee, my Love,
To correſpond thy ſuit.
Thus do the ſtreams their tribute pay
To Seas from whence they ſpring:
Now ſhall both Males and Females ſay,
Our Fruit to thee we bring.
How rich is *Sions* King that day,
When all his Saints ſhall woo him,

And

And bring their Treaſures, and ſhall pay
Themſelves a tribute to him?
What joy, when but a ſingle Soul
Is Married unto Jeſus!
But O, what Joy, when Nations ſhall!
O, how that ſight will pleaſe us!

CANT. VIII. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother that ſuckt the breaſt of my mother, then ſhould I find thee without, I would kiſs thee, yet I ſhould not be deſpiſed.

HYMN 129.

WErt thou my brother, Lord,
I could believe thy love:
Or hadſt thou ſuckt my Mothers Breaſts,
I could my fears remove:
And think, 'twere not below
Thy ſelf to make me thine:
Alas! thou art too far above
This low eſtate of mine.
Thou art a glorious Prince,
The Angels thee adore:
And I the vileſt worm that lives:
This makes the wonder more.

Wilt

VVilt thou be mean like me,
And be with Fleſh poſſeſt;
And fellow-man, and brother be,
And ſuck thy Mothers Breaſt?
VVell then! I'le kiſs thee now;
No more thy diſtance dread;
Thus vail'd in Fleſh, I'le dare approach,
And own thee as my Head.
Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone;
O Chriſt, I ſee thou art:
Now I'le converſe with thee alone,
And thou ſhalt have my heart.

CANT. VIII. 2.

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my Mothers houſe, who would inſtruct me: I would cauſe thee to drink of ſpiced wine of the juice of my Pomegranate.

HYMN 130.

MY Chriſt! how welcome would I make thee,
Wouldſt thou but viſit where I dwell!
I and my Mother would embrace thee,
And Joy to ſee thee at our Cell.

My

My Mother would inſtruct me where
Her beſt and choiceſt Junkets lye:
And I would entertain thee there,
As bleſt in thy ſweet company.
I'de bring thee out my ſpiced Wine,
Made *of the Juice of Pomegranate,*
And thou ſhalt have this heart of mine,
Inflam'd with Love at higheſt rate.
I will thee feaſt with all my beſt,
And ſtrive attendance due to give:
Thou ſhall have me, and all the reſt,
Thy own, ſo long as we ſhall live.
I will endeavour, ſuch a life
Shall pleaſing be to thy deſire,
And ſpeak thy Praiſe, till it ſhall raiſe
Within my heart an holy fire.
Only he pleas'd to come, and lend,
Aſſiſting Grace to this endeavour:
If I by Ague-fits grow cold,
Turn them into a burning Fever.

CANT.

CANT. VIII. 3.

His left hand ſhould be under my head, and his right hand ſhould embrace me.

HYMN 131.

MY work is great: O ſtay my head;
Infuſe that Wiſdom from above:
And let thy ſtrength my weakneſs wed,
And with infirm'ty fall in Love.
My head is ſick, my heart is faint;
As overpow'rd with my task:
I thee with all my Grief acquant,
And thy Aſſiſtance humbly ask.
The left and right hand of thy Pow'r;
Outward and inward help muſt give:
Thy arms about me in this hour,
Embrace me muſt, and make me live.
O, my Redeemer, with thy Arms
Refreſh the heart of fainting me.
Let me experience thy Love-charms,
Till I am more in love with thee.
Then ſhall my Charets run a pace;
No rubs ſhall hinder their ſwift motion:
The Wheels anointed with thy Grace,
As Ships ride faſt upon the Ocean.

Thus

Thus the warm hand on aking head,
And circling Arms about the loyns,
Revives a man that lies half dead,
And under difficulties pines.

CANT. VIII. 4.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, that ye ſtir not up, nor awake my love until he pleaſe.

HYMN 132.

MY King is gone to reſt,
And reſteth in his Love:
Hath plac'd himſelf where he thought beſt,
And never will remove.
What pity then it is,
For us to break his eaſe;
Or give the leaſt diſturbances,
Or wake him till he pleaſe.
He only knows his time;
He knows his time to riſe:
Then he'l awake and progreſs make
To do his enterprize.
Delays are dangerous
To us, but not to him:
He never ſtays, but his delays
Have his Advances been.

He cannot come too ſoon;
He never ſtay'd too long:
To his bedſide your pray'rs may come,
With other Saints along.
With theſe you may awake him,
When ſeeming faſt aſleep:
But if you ſhall by Sin forſake him,
O, this will wound him deep.

CANT. VIII. 5.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderneſs, leaning upon her beloved ———

HYMN 133.

UPon the Wings of fame it flies,
To all the Nations round:
That God hath op'ned *Judah*'s eyes,
And made his Grace abound.
Who's this! and what a thing is this,
That *Jews* of rude Behaviour;
Should at the laſt *Meſſiah* taſt,
And own him for their Saviour?
This news awakens all the Earth,
Sounds like the Voice of Thunder:
Never was ſuch a Sight before,
Never was ſuch a Wonder.

What

What *Judah* turn! What *Iſrael*,
That kill'd the Living Lord,
And baſely nail'd him to the Croſs;
The man which they abhorr'd!
What they return!. and all at once!
They and their Children too!
And ſhall his imprecated Blood,
A healing Vertue ſhew!
O bleſſed day! *Jehovah* raiſe
My heart to praiſe thee more:
Let all the Lands now clap their hands,
And *Sions* King adore.

CANT. VIII. 5.

—I raiſed thee up under the Apple-tree: there thy Mother brought thee forth, there ſhe brought thee forth that bare thee.

HYMN 134.

I Saw thee in thy Fathers Loyns,
And in thy Mothers Womb:
When *Eve*, under the Apple-tree,
Was working out thy Doom.
I rais'd thee then, when thee I ſaw,
Condemn'd by *Adams* fall:
Didſt eat the Fruit, as well as he,
The Father of us all.

The

The VVoman and her Seed was rais'd,
By th' VVoman and her Seed:
Thus the ſame hand that gave the wound,
Did help in time of need.
I ſaw thee, when I dy'd upon
The curſed Tree, the Croſs,
All in thy Blood, as well as I,
VVith all thy Sins in groſs.
I rais'd thee then; my Blood cry'd, Live,
To thoſe that made me dye:
I built thee up a Tow'r of Love,
Upon Mount *Calvary*.
Keep humble then, O *Sion*, and
Think of thy Pedigree:
Tho I exalt thee thus, don't thou
Exalt thy ſelf, but me.

CANT. VIII. 6.

Set me as a ſeal upon thine heart, as a ſeal upon thine arm ———

HYMN 135.

MY God! ſince I am lifted under
So great a General as thee:
Let me not fail to break in ſunder,
The En'mies Force, what ere it be.

Set

Set me a Seal upon thy heart,
As did the great High-Prieſt of old:
On Judgment's Breſt-plate grave by art,
The Names of *Iſraels* Sons enroll'd.
O let me lay my careful head,
Upon that Pillow of thy Love:
And feel my ſelf ſo kindly led,
Into thy very heart, my Dove.
Set me a Seal upon thy Arm;
Upon thy mighty Shoulders bear me;
And guide me thorow, that no harm,
Or Cowardiſe may ever fear me.
Let it be now, as when of old,
I on thy Palms engraven was:
VVhen thou didſt all my walls uphold;
Again Lord, let it come to paſs.
Then will I ope the Silent doors,
And make all Creatures give thee praiſe:
The ſlumbring Earth, the Seas that roars,
Shall each contend thy Name to raiſe.

CANT.

CANT. VIII. 6.

——For Love is as ſtrong as death, jealouſie is as cruel as the grave ——

HYMN 136.

BOaſt of thy Triumphs, Death!
O Time advance thy VVings!
Love hath as many killing Darts
As thou haſt deadly Stings.
When Chriſt ſhall Arm his Love,
And gird his Bowels on:
His En'mies ſhall before him fall,
And Death it ſelf undone.
Obſerve the World, and ſee
What conqueſts Death hath made:
How many Kings, and ſuch like things,
In ſilent graves hath laid.
Such Conqueſts in his Strength,
King Jeſus will obtain:
His Jealouſie will rage at length,
And he alone ſhall reign.
No ſtrength ſhall ſtand before him,
No Ammunition Force.
He'l Slay the Kings that wont adore him,
And Love ſhall have its courſe.

Then

Then ſhall we be at reſt,
And Peace on every ſide:
Victorious Love will have it ſo,
When he aſſerts his Bride.

CANT. VIII. 6.

—The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a moſt vehement flame.

HYMN 137.

HAve you not ſeen the Deſolations
That veh'ment Flames have made;
What multitudes of Habitations,
In duſt and rubbiſh laid?
How fiercely without all reſpect,
To things or perſons had,
It quickly works its ſad effect,
And makes mens caſes bad?
Thus will the juſt revenging God,
Before him ſend a Fire;
And with a ſmarting burning Rod,
Our blood on them require.
Now Fire for Fire, Blood for Blood,
City for City, ſhall
Be fir'd down; he'l quench his Wrath
In Blood, and make them fall.

Now *Babels* Towers all ſhall fall,
And all her Props come down:
The bitter Cup ſhe muſt drink up,
And off muſt come her Crown.
My God make haſt, why ſtay thy Wheels!
—Why ſtay thy Charets, Lord!
O, why ſo long, before thou come,
According to thy word?

CANT. VIII. 7.

Many waters cannot quench Love, neither can the floods drown it———

HYMN 138.

WAters that quench the fire, can't
Put out the Fire of Love:
Immortal Love nor drowns, nor dies;
Its life is from above.
His Love to his, will make its way,
To rid us out of thrall:
There's none ſhall ſtand at that great day,
That don't before him fall.
Be wiſe ye Princes of the Earth,
And kiſs the Son of God:
His Anger fumes, who's he preſumes
To urge his Iron-rod?

His

His Love ſhall bring a flood of Fire,
Like *Noahs* Water-flood:
Topping the Mountains in his Ire,
That cannot be withſtood.
My Soul admires the Power of Love:
Love's all, for Gods is Love:
His Foes, as ſoon may quench the Sun,
As this vaſt Love remove.
If one ſmall ſpark of Love in us,
Can live in Waters deep:
Much more his glorified Love,
Alive in Seas will keep.

CANT. VIII. 7.

—If a man would give all the ſubſtance of his houſe for love, it would utterly be condemned.

HYMN 139.

WHat is the price of Love, my King?
What ſhall I give thee for a ſpark?
Will all my ſubſtance buy the thing?
Away fond Worm! thou'rt in the dark.
Love never yet was bought or ſold;
Come all ye hungry thirſty Souls;
The price of Love is yet untold:
Come without money, fill your bouls.

'Tis a miſtake, to think that Chriſt,
Did ever purchaſe Fathers Love:
'Twas Love, by which he did ſubſiſt;
'Twas Love that brought him from above.
Tho 'mongſt the Sons of men, their Love
Is bought and ſold for worldly pelf:
Yet never did thy God above
Erect a Market for himſelf.
His love is free: come Souls, and ſee
How undeſerv'd his kindneſs is,
While Sinners, while ungodly, we
Are call'd to take this Love of his.
Nor can the Sinner at his need;
Purchaſe this Love with all his Gold:
Free Love, free Grace, is all we read:
Chriſts Love is neither bought nor ſold.

CANT. VIII. 8.

We have a little ſiſter, and ſhe hath no breaſts: what ſhall we do for our ſiſter in the day when ſhe ſhall be ſpoken for?

HYMN 140.

WE have a little Siſter, Lord,
That hath no Breaſts, as yet;
There is no place for means of Grace:
O do not her forget.

Thy

Thy Servants are greatly athirſt
That joyful day to ſee:
When thou the Cords and Yokes ſhall burſt
From her as well as we.
What ſhall we do for thoſe that lye
In Natures dungeon ſtill!
When wilt thou ſpeak for them that dye
For want of *Sions* Hill!
Thoſe that have neither Milk nor Breaſts,
That ſtill lye weltring in
The Blood of unconverted State:
O call them out of Sin.
Our Siſter hath a precious Soul
To ſave, as well as we.
Would all the World were thine, and not
A Rebel we could ſee.
O ſay thou to our Siſter, Come,
Leave *Babel* to her flames:
Let her not periſh in the doom
Of *Babels* wretched names.

CANT. VIII. 9.

If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of Cedar.

HYMN 141.

HOw welcome were that blessed news,
To the whole Nation of the *Jews*,
When Elect Sisters shall return?
When new-born hope, and panting strength,
Tho but a little, comes at length,
And hard and soft together mourn?
We'l blow the blossoms: not a spark
Or glance that twinkles in the dark,
But shall be rais'd into a flame.
Of every Wall, we'l make a Tower,
Of every twig we'l make a Bower,
And turn a drop into a rain.
A silver Palace we will make her,
In the day we undertake her;
With *Cedar*-boards we will enclose her,
And all the riches Love can find
In her vast Stores, shall be resign'd,
To make her happy in the closure.
Lord something give to work upon
(Creation is thy work alone)

And gladly we'l to them repair,
That lie in darkneſs; great and ſmall,
With Deaths black ſhadow cover'd all,
And make them teem that barren were.
Come then, you Nations, all you Kings,
And Nobles, flock to *Sions* wings;
There's healing for your wounded hearts.
And let the Wealth of *Sions* King,
And ſo your own advantage, bring
Your Souls to him from Satans darts.

CANT. VIII. 10.

I am a wall.——

HYMN 142.

I Was a heap of Duſt
And Rubbiſh, quite forſaken:
Diſparkt and into Foreſt turn'd;
No care of me was taken.
Help me to bleſs the Lord;
Ye Idol-Nations come:
Let's Praiſe the Lord with joynt accord,
And bleſs his Name alone.
I found his favour when
My caſe was worſe than yours:
I was a prize in his fair eyes,
Such help free Grace procures.

And now *I am a Wall*;
Whoſe ſtrength ſhall ever ſtand:
The matter of it is Free-ſtone;
Laid by Free-Grace's hand.
The Cement is the Blood
Was ſhed upon the Croſs:
The height of it o'retops the Skies.
Will you this Love ingroſs?
Tho you have cruel been,
Both to the Saints and me:
Yet if this call ſhall fetch you in,
I'le be a Wall, you ſee.

CANT. VIII. 10.

——*And my Breaſts are Towers*——

HYMN 143.

ALL Praiſes bring to *Sions* King:
See what I was, and what I am:
My hills of Fleſh could not refreſh
The thirſt of one poor ſucking Lamb.
Children I had, but ill brought up;
No Suſtenance within their pow'rs:
They always drank of *Moſes* Cup;
But now through Grace, my Breaſts are Tow'rs.
And thus ye *Gentiles*, 'twas with you,
When almoſt all your pipes were cut:
Your

Your Teachers into Corners drew,
Your Paſtors into Priſons put.
Your Breaſts were cut, that ſhould have given
Their Milk to them the Beaſts devours:
But thanks be to the God of Heaven,
(Tow'rs.
That now through Grace your Breaſts are
Let Lambs of Chriſt now friſk and dance,
And ſport themſelves on *Sion* hill:
For God will now their heads advance;
Their Mothers Breaſts with fatneſs fill.
And tho our milky Breaſts have been,
Like Fountains ſtopt by higher Pow'rs.
(It was our Glory, but their Sin);
(Tow'rs.
But now through Grace, our Breaſts are

CANT. VIII. 10.

——*Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.*

HYMN 144.

NOw doth my thankful heart rebound,
And fain would raiſe me higher,
To bleſs the favour that I found.
O draw me to thee nigher.

Help

Help me to ſtrip me of my ſelf;
Into ſome Cherub turn:
To ſound the Praiſe of thee, my King:
O make the Fire burn,
And heat my Heart red-hot with Love:
Such favour I have found.
Would I were nothing elſe but Love,
Thy Praiſes to reſound.
How happy are the Souls in Bliſs,
The Spirits perfect made;
Whoſe everlaſting work it is,
To love thee, is their trade!
Who have no body of their own,
No body elſe to hinder!
O that I could but praiſe thee here,
As they can Praiſe thee yonder.
The favour of thy Heart and Eyes
So unexpected was;
'Tis Love of all things that I prize;
So great a worth it hath.

CANT.

CANT. VIII. 11.

Solomon had a Vineyard at Baal-hamon: he let out the Vineyard unto Keepers; every one for the fruit thereof, was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

HYMN 145.

SION, my Vineyard, is become
As desolate as once she was:
And there are Nations in her Womb,
Like Pregnant Vines that all surpass.
I'le Water her both Night and Day,
And sweetly force her coming Fruit:
Let the Winds bluster as they may.
I GOD, have said it, and I'le do it.
King *Solomon* had a Vineyard great,
In *Baal-hamon* it was plac'd:
It was a sweet and lovely Seat;
Greatly admired and embrac'd.
'Twas set with Vines and other Trees,
And richly stor'd in every place:
But not like mine: my Plants are Souls,
And Stocks of an immortal race.
He farm'd his Vineyard out to those,
A thousand Silverlings that gave:

But

But of the Vineyard I have choſe,
My ſelf alone the dreſſing have.
I made my Plants, ſo did not he;
I ſet them all with my own hand.
Thoſe that were dead, reſtored be,
And flouriſh all at my command.

CANT. VIII. 12.

My Vineyard which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, muſt have a thouſand, and thoſe that keep the fruit thereof, two hundred.

HYMN 146.

KIng *Solomons* Tenants ſhar'd the Fruit;
They profit had, as well as he,
Or elſe they never had come to 't:
Two hundred ſilverlings their Fee.
My Saints, I muſt have all your Fruit;
Your Pains and Labours all is mine:
Your Glory bring to *Sions* King;
'Tis he that waters every Vine.
Now ſhall you bear your Fruit to me,
That once the ſtranger had devour'd:
Now ſhall you be like fruitful trees,
And Apples in my boſom pour'd.

Now

Now ſhall your Fruit be pleaſant, and
Full grown and Mellow for my taſt.
Inſtead of rent to me in hand,
I'e pay you all the Rent at laſt.
You ſerve your ſelves in ſerving me;
You love your ſelves when me you love:
If here you not rewarded be;
You ſhall receiv't in Heaven above.
And tho King *Solomon* could not graft
Into himſelf to raiſe his Fruit:
You into me ſhall grafted be:
Take it upon my word, I'le do't.

CANT. VIII. 13.

Thou that dwelleſt in the Gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice ———

HYMN 147.

MY work is done, I muſt be gone;
My buſineſs calls away,
To wait upon my Fathers Throne:
Farewel, I muſt not ſtay.
Mean while, I'le leave my heart behind,
And often to thee ſend:
And ſpread thy caſe, at Throne of Grace,
And ſtrongly thee defend.

I've

I've plac'd thy Habitation in
The Gardens of delight.
No more the Boar, as was before,
Thy tender Plants ſhall bite.
Amidſt theſe fruitful Plants ſhall be
Thy work and dwelling placed:
And with incouragement thou ſhalt ſee
Each Border ſweetly graced.
In theſe incloſed Gardens, let
The Commons hear thy voice,
And thoſe that have not liſtned yet,
To hear thee, ſhall rejoyce.
Then tell them plainly all the thing:
Bid them accept their bliſs:
When news you bring of *Sions* King,
They will be yours and his.

CANT. VIII. 13.

— *Cauſe me to hear it.*

HYMN 148.

O Let me hear you Preach to thoſe
That would Companions be
In Sufferings and in Priviledg:
O bring them unto me.
Call nothing common and unclean:
The greateſt Sinner may

By precious blood be turn'd to good;
Their ſins be done away:
But let me hear you ſpeak to me.
No whiſpering Trumpet ſhall
Convey the Voice: my Spirit ſhall be
Your Mouth, your Poſt, your All.
I muſt be gone, you know a while,
As was ordain'd of old:
To get things ready for the day
That was ſo long foretold.
But in this diſtance let me hear
From thee, my deareſt Love.
Acquaint me but with what thou want'ſt,
I'le ſend it from above.
My full ſupplies ſhall feaſt thine Eyes;
And make thy heart rejoyce:
I only move to thee my love,
Let me but hear thy Voice.

CANT.

CANT. VIII. 14.

Make haſt, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of ſpices.

HYMN 149.

MY God, make all the haſt thou canſt;
Why do the hours move ſo ſlow?
Why ſtops the glaſs that turned was
So many hundred years ago?
Is wakeful time fall'n faſt aſleep?
Why do the wheels of Motion ſtay?
Why doth my God in Priſon keep
That bleſt and long'd-for glorious day.
Lovers will haſten all they can:
Thou loveſt; then, why doſt thou ſtay?
What Love and linger? O make haſt:
Lord if thou lov'ſt me, come away.
'Tis not the pleaſures of the World;
Nor joys, nor toys, that can delight me.
The bleſſed Angels lovely Faces,
Without thy Preſence would affright me.
The glorious Joys of Heav'n it ſelf,
Are but a Map of thee, my King:
Jeſus in Shorthand Characters:
A notion, but thy ſelf the thing.

Come

Come then, my All, my chiefeſt good;
When ſhall bleſt Heavens ſo befriend us,
To ſpare thee down? O when ſhall they
A ſight of our dear JESUS ſend us.
Is it not midnight, Lord, and paſt?
When ſhall we hear the Clocks ſtrike One?
One Faith, One Way, One Sight, One Taſt,
One Lawgiver, One Lord, One Throne?
One Truth, One Goſpel, One Conſent,
One God, One Jeſus only known?
Oh that this midnight-hour were ſpent,
That all might coaleſce in One.

CANT. VIII. 14.

—Be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of ſpices.

HYMN 150.

NEver more need to come with ſpeed;
Foundations are diſſolved:
Juſtice and Right is fallen quite:
Thy Saints in wo involved.
Lord, if thou wilt by water come,
Mine Eyes ſhall weep a Sea:
Or if by Land! my Charets ſtand
In readineſs for thee.

Pardon this error; tears nor love,
Nor no ſuch thing from me,
Can ſpeed his coming from above,
But Love that is in thee.
The ſpicy Mountains are thy way;
Thy ſteps perfume the Air:
The Heav'ns ſhall open in that day,
And Beams of glory fair.
The Angels ſhall attend thy call,
Thy Saints ſhall wait upon thee,
Thy Dead ſhall riſe, thy Trump ſurprize
Thy Enemies flying from thee.
O that, that welcome day were come!
We never ſaw a day.
Can it be day without a Sun?
Sweet Jeſus! come away.

Triuni Gloria.
Omnia fecit Amor.

FINIS.

George

Grant

George m Bank Margaret m